

# TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

Vol. 10, No. 41 {The Sheppard Publishing Co., Limited, Props.} TORONTO, CANADA, AUGUST 28, 1897. TERMS: Single Copies, 5c. Per Annum (in advance), \$9. Whole No. 509

## Around Town.

When messengers came running to the office of Dr. Ferguson, King street east, last Sunday afternoon with a wild story that a score of children were drowning in McNamee's Cut, the doctor rushed at once to the scene of the disaster, only pausing long enough to write an order on a druggist for the quantity of brandy that he might require. He sent a messenger at full speed with this order to Mr. J. R. Lee, the druggist on King street east, and Mr. Lee supplied the liquor, which was quickly taken to the spot where the doctor and others were striving to save lives. Mr. J. R. Lee is liable to a fine of \$50 and costs for supplying that liquor. If he ever does it again he can be sent to jail for four months, and if he is obdurate in this practice of supplying liquor on doctor's orders to save human life, and does it a third time, he can be sent to jail for six months without the option of a fine.

This is according to the new law, passed at the last session of the Ontario Legislature, and entitled, "Bill—An Act to Further Improve the License Laws." The word "improve" has a highly humorous twist in this connection.

Of course the Act was not intended to hamper druggists in assisting to save human life, but when you come to examine those things that the Act was intended to do, they prove to be quite as arbitrary and absurd. The Act forbids druggists to sell liquor without a doctor's prescription. Formerly they could sell pure liquors up to certain quantities on registering such sales and keeping the register open to inspection. Now they cannot make a sale without a doctor's order, and even then they are limited to six ounces. If a doctor orders more, he must be refused; if he is not refused, the druggist is liable to a fine, and he seems to be under the same penalties as the man who runs an illicit dive. The Act admits that a doctor, in a case of life and death, may need to use liquor, but it undertakes to say that he need not use more than six ounces. The Government begins to claim a very exact knowledge of medical practice. I do not think that there is more than one doctor in ten who will say that he does not find it necessary to prescribe more than six ounces of liquid at a time. Aside from drownings, and other accidents, there are affections of the heart and other seizures in which liquor is administered freely, no other medicine being of any use whatever.

But the Act goes further. It not only requires a doctor's prescription for selling liquor and limits the doctor to six ounces, but in mixtures containing alcohol, the druggist is forbidden to sell in quantities of more than a pint. Who asked for stricter regulations upon druggists? Surely not the temperance people, for I see that Mr. J. J. Maclaren, Q.C., defended the druggist who was prosecuted on the charge of selling a medicinal wine that contained 13½ per cent. of alcohol. He is credited with having remarked that if the Act precluded the druggists from selling the medicinal wine in question "no druggist could sell any tincture." Mr. J. J. Maclaren cries out against the Act, or against the construction placed upon it by Inspector Dexter. Who is he and where lives the man who urged the Government to impose restrictions on liquor that J. J. Maclaren thinks too stringent? I should like to know who the man is—I should like to behold him so that in mine old age I could boast of having seen him.

If J. J. Maclaren did not stand at the Government's elbow when the Act was being framed (and surely it may be assumed that he would not accept a bribe to attack a law which had helped to create), then we may take it for granted that that sleepless advocate of agitation, Ald. Spence of Toronto, who is known as a speaker throughout the Province wherever temperance sentiment is strong enough to take up a collection, was near by, lending carefully selected portions of his intelligence to the Government. Does Mr. Spence, then, realize that the "Act to Improve the License Laws" drives people past the drug stores to the saloons, hotels and liquor stores to purchase the liquors that they use for medicinal and household purposes? If a man wants six ounces of brandy he cannot get it at a drug store without a doctor's order, but he can get it at a saloon without anybody's order. If he has a doctor's order for twelve ounces of brandy he cannot get it at a drug store, but must go to a place where it is sold as a beverage. Is this a temperance measure, or is it a measure intended to make the bar-room indispensable to all classes of the community?

Alcohol is not only the moving spirit in beverages that make men drunk, but it is also a daily convenience, put to many humble and vital uses. If alcohol, and liquids containing it, cannot be purchased at drug stores, the bar-tenders of this city and province will begin to see some strange faces among their customers.

It may not be out of place to give a list of some of the uses to which alcohol is put:

Spirit bath.  
Spirit stove for heating baby food, etc.  
Spirit stove for heating curling tongs.  
Spirit stove for fumigating sick rooms.  
Barbers' mixtures.  
Perfumes.  
Liniments.  
Hair Restoratives.  
Athletes, for rubbing down, etc.  
Artists' needs.  
Preserving infusions, etc.  
Dissolving gums and resins.  
Diarrhoea and pain mixtures.  
Preserving specimens.  
Dentists' needs.  
Cleaning grease spots.  
Toilet purposes.

No doubt this list could be greatly lengthened, but it is long enough to illustrate the every day uses to which alcohol is put. Yet the new "temperance" act provides that the housewife who wants a few spoonfuls of brandy in her cooking must get a doctor's prescription before she can get the liquor at a drug store, but, without any such expense or delay, she can get the brandy at the nearest saloon by merely asking and paying for it. When the wives and daughters of Ontario enter saloons

of these into effect he has brought his municipal career to a melancholy conclusion.

Anything more terrible than the sudden intelligence that your child has been drowned, could scarcely come to any person. That the boy who went away an hour ago—whom you did not speak to or even look at as he passed where you sat reading, whom you could have caused to stay safely beside you had you but nodded your head—can never speak or be spoken to again is a grief that even those who are fathers of boys cannot perhaps realize. The father remembers that he was reading, or laughing, or whistling at the very moment when his child must have been struggling for life in vain. Had he but known! Oh, that he had been there! Why did he not go walking with the boy? How proud the lad was when he went with him that other day to the park, and how he talked—the father recalls every word and animated glance. The kindest of parents always feel, I suspect, that they are somehow to blame when such a calamity befalls the home, but it is their grief that tortures them with such unjust self-accusations.

rations with the Reform party during its twenty years in the wilderness. They relieved many a tedious day and cheered up many a tired brother with their *bon mots*, etc. Now that the party has entered the promised land, flowing with milk and honey, crowded with palaces of ease, what are the rewards of the wits? Of Mr. Pirie it may be said that he has dropped into a serious vein, without making or accepting a quarrel with his party. Mr. Donly, however, is in open rebellion against the Reform Government at Ottawa, and Mr. McGillicuddy against the Reform member, Mr. M. C. Cameron of Goderich. These two men seem hopelessly estranged from the Reform camp. Without entering at all into the merits of the disputes that have arisen between these two journalists and their political party, it may be remarked that it is a strange thing that of all the Reform editors in the country these should be the disaffected ones? Why is it so? Have they been singled out for special slights because of their wit? Or did humor make them sensitive? Must we set it down as true that the man who can neither make nor see a joke is equally slow to see or

nies and local police seem to greatly hamper the course of justice according to the admiring newspapers that record Mr. Murray's doings, sayings and thinkings. The *Mail and Empire* the other day contained the following:

Detective Murray had an uphill battle from the start, but he did his work rapidly and well. In another respect, too, he was handicapped in having a Crown Attorney unfamiliar with details conducting the case. Mr. Bowly did well under the circumstances, he never knowing what the witnesses were called for until they took their positions on the stand.

From first to last the daily papers of Toronto (or perhaps I should say some of them) have decried everyone in sight in order to make Mr. Murray look as big and splendid as possible. First it was the local police, then the Coroner, and now the Crown Attorney must be described as a mere puppet in the hands of the inscrutable and all-wise man who alone worked out his wonderful case. It is to be hoped that we shall not be called upon to see such an extravaganza again. It has appeared on the stage too often.

Will some authority on words kindly set himself the task of finding the best title for citizens of the United States. We should not refer to them as "Americans," for we also are Ameri-

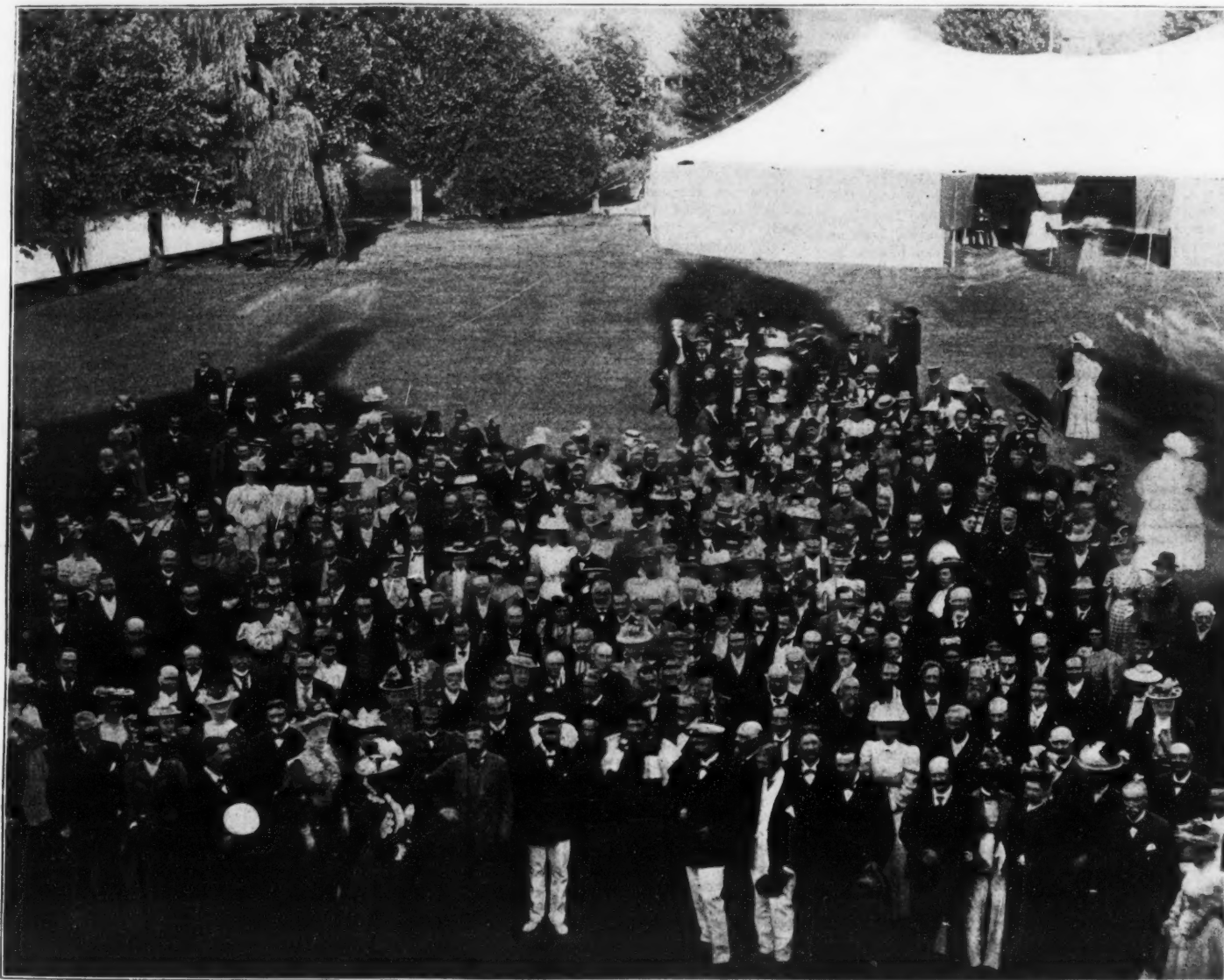
cans. To speak of them as "Yankees" will not do because they resent it, and the term that we desire to find must be one that will be acceptable in England, and it is in Europe that harm is done by references being made to "Americans and Canadians." Various suggestions have been made such as "United Statians," "United Statesers," and "United Statesers." We should certainly decide upon one of these forms and adhere to it, through thick and thin until, awkward as it is, it finally comes smoothly from tongue and pen. "United Statesers" is probably the best suggestion yet made, and although it has a crude sound, no doubt we could get used to it in time.

The *St. John Globe* accuses the *Toronto Globe* of jingoism, and the *Toronto World* accuses it of an apologetic and beggarly spirit towards the United States. The fact seems to be that the *Globe*, during the past fortnight, has decided upon a policy which the bulk of Canadians are prepared to endorse in it and in the Government which it supports. In brief, that policy is that Canada, like an individual, if anxious to be respected, must be manly. The success of our business and the comforts of our life depend upon the claims we have on the respect of others and on our own.

The speech by Mr. Bryce, M.P., at the banquet on Wednesday evening was eloquent and sound in principle. But Mr. Bryce probably packed up his views to bring with him while his valet packed his trunks. It was the typical speech of an English public man, and we look in vain for a response to it by any United States senator whose influence corresponds with that of Mr. Bryce. The English member of parliament came here, unpacked his views and displayed them. They were excellent in quality. They were not produced here, however, with a full knowledge of the local situation, for, deplorable as jingoism is, the timid infusion of it which has at last begun to impart a flavor to Canadian politics, deserves to be approved. Canada has always been afraid to call her soul her own. Her commissioners, sent to Washington, have been treated like hungry beggars, snooping around looking for the kitchen refuse of the Republic. Canada has received intolerable treatment, and now she is disposed to be more assertive.

Canada and the United States are like two men living on an island, who grow products to sell to customers from the main land. Because one keeps shouting and bragging all the time, the other does not need to do so, but if one tries to chase the other into the bush and then keeps shouting, "I am the only man on the island; if you want to buy anything grown here you must get it from me—I am the only man on the island—the only man on the island, etc., etc." then it becomes necessary for the other man to emerge from the bush, and if he shouts a few times no one can blame him. We have just come out of the bush and we are not going to be chased back into it any more. There are two men on the island and the mainland is going to know it.

A map of the Klondike that seems to be a very good one has just been published by *The Province*, Victoria, B. C. This map reminds me of something that we are, I think, forgetting over here in Eastern Canada however closely it may crowd upon the attention of people in the west, and that is the dispute as to the boundary line between British Columbia and Alaska. This dispute was a very hot one about a year ago, but it has calmed down while a joint survey is being made and a joint report prepared. The discovery of gold in the Yukon has made the boundary question one of great importance—just how important this has made the question can only be realized by consulting a map. If you have a map before you you will see that the boundary line of Alaska runs straight from the Arctic sea almost to the



The British Association for the Advancement of Science at the Royal Canadian Yacht Club.

Showing His Excellency the Governor-General, Lady Aberdeen, Commodore Jarvis, Vice-Commodore Plummer, in the central foreground, and many distinguished scientists and citizens. From a photograph by Mr. Lyonde.

for spirits or liniments or beef-iron-and-wine as unconcernedly as they have entered drug stores on the same errands, perhaps the prejudice against saloons will largely disappear. If it turns out that in voting for prohibition we would wipe out hair restoratives, plum pudding, photographs and wedding cake, it will be seen at a glance that complications would arise. Bald-headed teetotallers might hesitate. The "improved" license law, however, appears to require that those who use alcohol for household and business purposes must line up at the same bar as those who dally over the flowing bowl.

Ald. Lamb no doubt grieves very much over the drowning of four children, who with others risked their lives on the float or raft which he had placed on the water at McNamee's Cut. It was a wretched and most unlooked for thing that occurred, but after all is said and done the feelings of Ald. Lamb are not entitled to as much consideration as those of the parents of the little children who were lost. There are dangers enough along the waterfront and victims in plenty are found without the building of sham securities and false safe-guards, and the man who enforces a one-horse policy, who goes apart and to add to his own local credit builds a ferry for his constituents, must take the blame when it proves a tragic failure as he would have accepted the credit had it proved a success. None of us could have foreseen what happened; we might have looked at the float and admired it, but the point is that we know what has happened—we know that the man whose business it was to put a safe float there if it was his business to put one there at all, put an unsafe thing there, which drowned four children the first chance it got. Mr. Lamb has too many cheap, penny-wise ideas that would better suit a pioneer settlement than a large city, and in putting one

It has been stated that Chauncey Depew might have cut an important figure in the politics of the United States only that clubland refused to part with its best story-teller. "Sunset" Cox used to say that none of the younger men at Washington enjoyed prospects equal to his, until one day he made a funny speech and followed it up with others, so that he established his fame as a parliamentary wit, thereafter making no advancement towards political importance. He complained that whenever he arose to speak everyone made ready to laugh, and his most serious utterances were accepted as veiled humorisms. Perhaps if the truth were known Dr. Landerkin, M.P., for South Grey, feels very much as Mr. Cox did. The doctor has been the Reform wit for six or eight years, having inherited the costume and joke-box of Mr. Joseph Rymal. But alas! a government does not need a wit, and Dr. Landerkin has seen duller men preferred for important positions whilst he, no longer free to jibe at the Ministry, sees his fame gradually melting away.

And Dr. Landerkin is not alone. The three wits of the Canadian Press Association are Mr. A. F. Pirie of the *Dundas Banner*, Mr. Hal B. Donly of the *Simcoe Reformer*, and Mr. Dan McGillicuddy of the *Goderich Signal*. For years the Canadian Press Association has depended largely upon these three men to spice with wit the often dull discussions that take place at the annual meetings, and the three editors have been equal to the demands made upon them. When his political party achieved power Dr. Landerkin was, as I have said, passed over. Not to jump too hastily to a conclusion, it becomes necessary to enquire the present whereabouts of the witty editors before deciding that here, as at Washington, wit handicaps a man in politics. Those three editors are Reformers. They went on half-

take a slight, whereas the quick-witted man is more prompt to anger? This at least seems true that the new Government is dealing scurvily with its wits. They are being allowed to disband, and soon the party will be as dismal as the leg-weary and brain-worn ministry that died last year. It seems clear that in politics there is a dead-set made against funny men. They are not taken seriously. They are denied with a jest, repelled with a snicker, put off with a proverb.

However, as Macaulay's political disappointments are said to have given us some splendid volumes of history, so Mr. McGillicuddy's defection from the Reform ranks has yielded us some of the best epigrams extant. To complete the out-put he only needs to take this idea and work it into form: "Let me edit the *Signal* and I care not who distributes it at the post-office."

The *Berlin News-Record* states, on the authority of Constable Klippert of that town, that Detective Murray will not act any further in the Galt affair, but that another detective will prepare the case for trial. This should not deter Allison's counsel from protesting against the five hours which he spent in the "sweat-box." The *News-Record* also says that Crown Attorney Bowly did not read at the coroner's inquest the statement secured from Allison, or make use of it in any other way. Why was it not read? Why was it not turned to some use, unless it was a statement improperly secured? The fact is that the proceeding was irregular and indefensible, and I have no doubt the Crown Attorney was aware of that, although he allowed Detective Murray to have his own way. Indeed, the idea of a mere Crown Attorney venturing to express opinions in the presence of the man who ran McCrea to earth manifestly absurd. Coroners, Crown Attor-



Pacific, but not quite, for it turns at Mt. St. Elias and pursues a straggling course southward. It is this ragged edge along the Pacific that is in dispute. The Canadian surveyors and British Columbia reports on the subject tell us that the United States Government has not a leg to stand on in its claim, and that British Columbia will be awarded every foot of land it asks for. According to Canada's contention Dyea, Skagway, Chilkat, Chilkat Inlet, Glacier Bay and the Stikine River (with the exception of a few miles at its mouth) are all in Canadian territory.

This gives the boundary line question an importance it did not possess. The newspapers of the United States are very fond of saying that Canada cannot get to the Yukon except through United States territory. We not only can get there via the Mackenzie River, but the best overland route (via Dyea) is through Canadian territory. We are assured that our claim to Chilkoot Inlet is better than the claim put forward by the United States. We must not abandon our claim nor allow the New York papers to lead the Canadian press into an error as regards that boundary line. The Canadian Government might well go to the expense and trouble of supplying the newspapers with maps and information about this boundary dispute, for the other claimant seems determined to carve his name over the doubtful territory.

A detachment of the Grand Army of the Republic, on their way to Detroit, called at Toronto on Thursday and marched up Yonge street carrying the flag of the United States. This need not have made any trouble, only the thing was done in an evident spirit of bravado and to invite protest. When remonstrated with and a British flag produced to be also displayed, none of the G. A. R. men would carry it, and a boy was pressed into service. Those Grand Army men should have remembered that one hundred thousand Canadians fought in that Civil War and, after the first year's campaign, there was scarcely a battlefield that did not claim some Canadians. However, it required only one Canadian cop to suppress the invaders.

#### The Naval Orange.

CALIFORNIA, August 9, 1897.  
EDITOR SATURDAY NIGHT.—After reading an article in your paper of some few weeks back, re a fruit ranch in Los Angeles County, Cal., in which some wonder was expressed as to where the first navel orange came from, I take the liberty of writing and telling you all that can be found out about it, as far as the United States is concerned.

The first trees came originally from Peru, in South America, where they are supposed to grow wild. Then two trees were sent to the United States Government to be set out in California. One was sent to Riverside, the other to Los Angeles. Riverside, I believe, claimed it as their own production, but Los Angeles objected, so they compromised the matter by calling the orange "Washington Naval." The trees grown in Southern California are raised in Riverside. This is supposed to be all that is known in the United States about this variety of fruit.

I send you this thinking you would like the information for your splendid paper.

Yours sincerely,  
ROSS BRENNER.

#### Society at the Capital.

A report has reached Ottawa that Baroness Macdonald of Ernescliffe, widow of the late Right Hon. Sir John Macdonald, will shortly be married to a Dean of the Church of England. The Baroness is living near London and at present Lady Tilley, widow of the late Sir Leonard Tilley, is with her.

Mrs. F. C. T. O'Hara, who has been away for some weeks visiting friends and relatives, returned home this week.

Sir Richard Cartwright, who has been taking a brief holiday with his family in Kingston, has returned home.

Lady Marjorie Gordon is an exhibitor of poultry at the Montreal fair, showing a number of Golden Sebright bantams.

Sir Wilfrid and Lady Laurier are expected in Ottawa next week, and will take up their residence at their new house on Theodore street.

General and Mrs. Gascoigne will sail for Canada on September 7.

Mr. Collingwood Schreiber has gone on a tour of inspection of the Soulages contracts.

Mr. Justice Taschereau and Madam Taschereau have been in Montreal this week.

Sir James Grant who has been in Toronto has returned home.

Mrs. David Erskine arrived in Ottawa last week with their Excellencies the Governor-General and the Countess of Aberdeen, but owing to illness was unable to accompany them to Toronto.

The Victoria Hotel at Aylmer is getting to be a very popular resort. Last week two informal dances came off there and a great number of small dinner-parties. Among the permanent guests residing there are: Mrs. Charles Moore and her children, Mrs. and Miss Burritt, Mr. E. Burritt, Miss Buell, Miss Mackintosh, Mr. and Mrs. Rowley, Miss Mabel Richardson and Miss Grace Ritchie.

Mr. Charles Devlin and Miss Devlin of Aylmer sailed for Ireland last week. They will visit Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Devlin at Dublin and afterwards go to England and the Continent.

Marquis Ito passed through Ottawa on his way home. He did not leave the private car in which he traveled but received some of the Cabinet Minister and other friends who went down to the station to wish him *bon voyage*.

Mr. Agar Adamson is on a visit to Mr. Justice and Mrs. Gwynne at their country house at Fernbank.

Captain Reginald Courtney, who was on the Premier's staff in England, has returned to Canada and is spending the balance of his leave with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Courtney, at their cottage at Murray Bay.

Hon. A. S. Blair was in town last week on his way to New York from whence he sailed for England.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Macdonald and Mr. and Mrs. Codville are spending the summer at St. Patrick's, Riviere de Loup.

Mrs. Blackstock is in town, the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Lindsay, Lyon street.

Hon. William Patterson, Minister of Customs, Mrs. Patterson and their daughter have been

staying at the Inch Arran, Dalhousie, and are now on their way home.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Greaves have returned to town after a few weeks spent at Youghall, New Brunswick.

Sir Donald Smith sailed for Canada last Saturday, and will be in Montreal in a few days.

Mr. and Mrs. Mackey have gone off for a few weeks holiday.

Dr. and Mrs. Bourinot, who have been at the seaside, are expected shortly at their country place at Kingsmere.

Ottawa, August 25, 1897.

#### Social and Personal.

Lady Kirkpatrick will open the Industrial Exhibition on Tuesday next, instead of Lord Lister, who had forgotten a previous engagement to deliver the opening address to the British Medical Association in Montreal, of which he is president.

Captain Arthur T. Kirkpatrick and Miss Memie Homer-Dixon, whose engagement was announced last autumn, are to be married at St. James' Cathedral on September 8, and I hear the wedding breakfast and reception will be held at the Grange. Mr. Homer-Dixon, father of the bride, is far from well this summer, and the health of Sir George Kirkpatrick being so precarious, the wedding will probably be a very quiet one. Capt. Kirkpatrick has, I am told, leased a residence in St. Patrick street. To the very deservedly popular bride and groom everyone of their large circle of friends send best wishes.

Among many social events, a very *embarrassed de richesse* in the way of gaieties, the garden party on the Yacht Club Island lawn was aided to success by perfect weather and a very smart attendance. Boat after boat puffed up to the wharf loaded with gaily-gowned women, sober dames of mature years, bright girls, and all sorts and conditions of men. The members of the British Association were there in great force, admiring the velvet turf, the brilliant Canadian sky, flecked with a few fleecy clouds, the silvery stretch of the bay, and the sedgy reaches near the shores, which traveled men said reminded them of certain spots in the Hollandish country. One and all, our visitors said lovely things of the environs of the garden party given in their honor. The Governor-General and Lady Aberdeen, with Lord and Lady Kelvin, Lord and Lady Lister, Sir James Grant, Commodore Jarvis and several others came over as the guests of the gallant skipper of the *Cleopatra*, on the deck of which Lady Aberdeen sat holding a small jubilee of her own and attended by the handsome *aide-de-camp* newly appointed, Captain Harry Wyatt. Her Excellency was rather smartly gowned, her dark dress being very becoming and her face wreathed in smiles. Lady Kelvin, who is enthusiastically pronounced a dear by many women, has the loveliest silvery white hair and a fine face beaming with intelligence and sympathy. A couple of young nieces of Lord Lister were with the yacht party, to whom Mr. and Mrs. Gooderham and Mrs. T. G. Blackstock were hosts and hostesses. Mr. Plummer, the president of the Club, and Miss Mollie Plummer, with Mrs. Jarvis, received the Vice-Regal party and the officers of the association, and did the honors of the Club house, where a buffet was laid in one of the dining-rooms for their regaling. The Grenadiers' band played on the bowling green, where a motley crowd of students, savants, giddy girls and jolly club-men peripatented. A huge marquee on the east side of the lawn was erected for refreshments, and there a dense crowd was gathered for the entire afternoon, eating ices, sampling "cups," and having a jolly time generally. It was warmer in the sunshine, however, and I don't know what our visitors thought of our August weather, which has displayed freaks entirely complimentary to Kipling's godfatherhood. During the afternoon the enterprising Lyonde was there with his camera and took a lot of photos, and lots of fun was had by some of the light-hearted folks who wanted to be well posed for them. A few people remained for dinner, but most of the party returned to the city betimes to snatch a rest before the reception given by Lord and Lady Aberdeen at the Parliament buildings.

Among the guests at the Yacht Club were: Premier and Mrs. Hardy, ex-Mayor Brooke and Mrs. Brooke of Dublin, Mr. and Mrs. Foster and the Misses Foster of Wales, Mr. and Mrs. J. Kerr Osborne, Mr. and Mrs. Selous, (and the famous African explorer and lion-hunter is so quietly grave and courteous that one finds it hard to associate his fame and himself); Mr. and Mrs. Squire of London, who are stopping at the Queens, and who came with Miss Bessie and Mr. J. Gordon Macdonald. Mrs. Squire, who as beautiful Miss Rainey, was recently a reigning belle in London, has been a picture of every entertainment she has attended, and is a charming and merry companion, as some lucky persons have found out. Two other ladies whom one may place among the "beauties" of the week are the Misses Foster, whose girlish charms and lovely dark eyes have made many a Toronto man forget local loyalty and rave over the complexion and the smiles of the maidens of the land across the sea. Mrs. and Miss Melvin-Jones brought their guests, Dr. and Mrs. Bottomly of Glasgow, and the Premier and Mrs. Hardy, their attractive party including Major and Mrs. MacMahon. One heard whispers at the various events this week which raised questions of geography in many minds. "There's the man who did that fine thing at the Chitral Pass"—made one go skimming about Afghanistan for mental guide-posts. "That's Dr. Magnus of Berlin," and as the noble-headed old sage passed by, one was tempted to waylay him with halting German to get an idea or two. Men who knew all about butterflies and earthquakes, comets' tails and dragonflies' wings; men with bulging foreheads, and men with halting walks but rapid flight of thought. There is a wise young man from Baton Rouge who is addressed as "Doctor," and who, on being asked by a valiant female what he was Doctor of, laughingly assured her that he had to choose between being Doctor or Professor, as people insisted on one or the other; so of two evils he chose the least, no college being responsible for his title.

There is a quiet brown-faced Hungarian doctor from New York, who is having such a good time that telegrams to come home haven't the least effect upon him. There is Sir John Evans, the jolly new president, who can tell a good story and enjoy a good joke with the best of them, and declines to look anywhere within fifteen years of his age. There is Lord Kelvin, who was reported to be foraging around Center Island on Saturday with a butterfly net, and Lord Lister, who has a warm corner in the hearts of all who have the honor of his friendship; and there are women who insist upon preaching about the suffrage to women who are happy and content to let their husband's run the voting and who are disappointed in us, and we are sorry, but somehow the suffrage doesn't interest us. By the way, one very seldom finds the women who talk up the great good to be done by woman suffrage, apt at soothing a sobbing baby or coaxing a naughty one, and that's what women should be good at.

Mr. and Mrs. E. H. Osler gave the third of the series of garden parties in honor of the British Association at Craigleigh on Friday afternoon, when another charming, bright, cool afternoon favored the affair. The grounds at Craigleigh are spacious, the house, which was thrown open but not used for the reception, is a beautiful residence, presided over by a cultured master and mistress whose refined taste and love of the beautiful combine to choose interesting and pleasing works of art for the adornment of their home. Mrs. Osler received on the terrace beside the entrance doors, and a very notable group at times were gathered in her vicinity. Presently came the Governor-General's equipage with their Excellencies and their *aides*; our own Lady Kirkpatrick also attended the garden party, looking so sweet and young in a dainty white frock and large black hat, and finding herself much besieged with enquiries after His Honor, whose absence makes a minor note in the week's jolly music. People kept arriving until it was nearly time to go home, as several parties of visitors and their hosts took in Colonel and Mrs. Sweny's afternoon at Roballion first. Mrs. Osler was ably assisted by her young son and daughter, and by the general air of hospitality which by that time had possessed our citizens. It is half the battle won for a hostess, if her guests are anxious to amuse and welcome each other. The buffet was set on the east lawn, and loaded with all sorts of good things. His Excellency and Lady Aberdeen found themselves admirably served thereabouts shortly after their arrival, when, throned on a rustic seat, Her Excellency ate ices and dispensed smiles at her leisure. The Q.O.R. band played on the west lawn, where a stretch of velvet sod, and pretty walks bordered with flowers made an admirable setting for the moving throng. Lady Aberdeen wore a dove gray gown, with rows of narrow navy blue ribbon bordering the skirt, and a pretty little plumed bonnet and rich cape. I have discarded lists of names at the various garden parties and teas as they would be very largely repetitions, and space can be used more profitably.

Mrs. Sweny's tea on Friday was not for the proportions of the reception on the East side, but as is everything at Roballion, it was daintily done and most exclusive and elegant. Colonel and Mrs. Sweny received in the drawing-room, which was beautiful with flowers, and through which floated the strains of an orchestra. Mrs. Sweny wore a light figured Dresden silk, and looked as she always does, a refined and charming little lady, than whom there is not in the city a more thoughtful and delightful hostess. The guests scattered through the drawing-room, conservatory and precincts of Roballion were all congenial persons, and everyone said the afternoon was one of the pleasantest spent by the visitors during their stay in Toronto. Refreshments were served in a marquee on the lawn.

The weather has certainly a great deal to answer for in the sum of our enjoyment this week. It was simply charming, cool, bright and dry, for the various garden parties and other functions. On Tuesday, in spite of Jeremiahs who, on Monday, announced that a change was certain, the sun shone over Glenedyth and Trinity like gold. It was most unfortunate that the arrangements for these two functions clashed so badly, the postponement of the latter until late in the afternoon prevented many from putting in an appearance at Mrs. Nordheimer's as they would so much have liked to do. That charming hostess, who were a dream of a gown and was ably assisted by her two daughters and several ladies, never looked better; time seems to stand still in her presence. The scientists were delighted with the beauty of Glenedyth and everyone enjoyed the tea to the utmost. Among those present were: His Excellency the Governor-General, His Honor the Lieutenant-Governor, Lady Kirkpatrick, Miss Kirkpatrick, Sir John and Lady Evans, Lord and Lady Kelvin, Lord Lister, Sir Oliver Mowat, Lady Mowat, the Premier and Mrs. Hardy, the Speaker and Mrs. Edgar, Gen. Wheeler, Col. and Mrs. Baily, Prince Krapotkin, Mrs. Allan, Sir George Tait Robertson, Mr. Erskine (private secretary to His Excellency), Mrs. Mavor, Col. and Mrs. Sweny, Sir Chas. Freemantle, Col. Grasett, Mrs. Melfort Boulton, Mr. John Hoskin, Dr. and Mrs. Spragge, Mrs. Roberts-Austen, Miss Wilkin, Mr. and Mrs. Gzowski, Hon. G. W. Ross, Sir W. Turner, Mrs. Johnson, Miss Widder, Prof. and Mrs. Foster, Dr. and Mrs. Ryerson, Mrs. Ward, Mr. and Mrs. E. B. Osler, Mr. and Mrs. Walker, Mrs. John Cawthra, Miss Cawthra, Mr. and Mrs. G. Harman, Mr. Cayley, Mr. and Mrs. C. Heath, the Misses Boulton, Mr. Cecil Merritt, Mr. Herman Boulton, Miss Homer Dixon, Mr. Harcourt Vernon, Mr. C. McGinnis, Mr. A. Campbell, Mr. J. Small, Mr. Kirkpatrick, Mr. Temple, Judge and Mrs. Moss, Mrs. Griffin, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Cawthra, Mr. Albert Nordheimer, Mrs. Jarvis, Mr. Edgar Jarvis, Mr. and Mrs. Stenier, Mr. and Mrs. Emmill Jarvis, Mr. and Miss Hodgins and Mr. and Mrs. Heintzman.

A beautiful banquet was that given to the members of the British Association on Wednesday evening at the Pavilion, at which covers were laid for four hundred and fifty guests. The Vice Regal table with His Excellency in the chair formed a crescent on the stage, and ten tables arranged in a novel and artistic

shape, the four largest forming a St. Andrew's cross at the center of which was a trophy of pink flowers several feet in height, and about which were various tables of different sizes and shapes all done in pink and forming a beautiful geometric design. McConkey had the affair in hand and beautifully did he carry it through. One hundred and eighty waiters and helpers were in attendance, and nine courses were served in perfection. Ladies and their escorts attended in the galleries to hear the speeches, which, needless to say, were interesting in the extreme. The guests were impressed with the country, the people, and the particularly kind attentions they have been smothered under in Toronto. Never in the history of our city has there been such unbounded hospitality nor such worthy recipients thereof. If the British Association is pleased with Toronto, Toronto is extremely *epais* of the British Association. If they'd only come oftener!

I heard a visitor remark that our bands could play and look a great deal better, particularly the Kilties, if they stood up while they played. This visitor tells me they didn't even stand to play God Save the Queen while the Governor-General drove up, but I failed to notice it.

Mrs. Melvin-Jones gave a dinner in honor of her guests on Thursday of last week, of which I heard an experienced hostess make this remark: "It was quite the prettiest dinner table I have sat down at in Toronto."

The Grange looked its best on Monday afternoon when its gates were thrown open to the invited guests who shared with the most prominent members of the British Association, the kind hospitality of the Professor and Mrs. Goldwin Smith. About half past five their Excellencies Lord and Lady Aberdeen, Lady Marjorie Gordon and the *aides* with Miss Thompson, eldest daughter of Lady Thompson, and others drove up to the open portals. No other carriages were admitted inside the gates for obvious reasons, as the beautiful drive-way is often a pet promenade for the smart people at the Grange garden parties. All of the most notable members of the Association were present, and an interesting feature of the afternoon was the drinking of the Queen's health by Their Excellencies from those queer quaint wine-glasses which have no bases, and must be drained at a draught. These "Lord Simcoe wine-glasses" are a relic of the days of the forties, and are finished with a cut glass ball at the stem instead of in the ordinary manner, recalling the wonderful toppers of old, who sat glass in one hand and bottle in the other, till both bottle and glass were drained. Out on the lawn, near the rosearies, were spread generous buffets loaded with dainty fare, while before the library windows, down on the beautiful lawn, sat the Highlander's band playing capably under Mr. Slater's baton, and glorified by the martial presence of the only McSevedy, who marched with great dignity (*a la sentry*), and now and then gave the company a skirl from his pipes. It was a fair sight for our English visitors to carry back, and I remarked how many of them shyly asked the way to the professor's sanctum and stood looking at his cosy corner in the library and saying with satisfaction, "We are glad to have seen the place where he thinks and writes." The respectfully expressed interest spoke volumes as to the regard his pen work is held in by people far and near. Lord and Lady Aberdeen took seats on the terrace for refreshments, and were soon the center of a notable group, among which I noticed: Gen. Greeley, Lord and Lady Kelvin, Lady Kirkpatrick, looking a picture in that white gown which everyone so much admires; Hon. Freemantle, Col. MacMahon, the Premier's guest; Premier and Mrs. Hardy and Sir Frank Smith. Others strolling about in great contentment with the delightful hour were: Mrs. and Miss Merritt, Judge and Mrs. MacMahon, Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Mason and Mrs. Ewart of Winnipeg, Mrs. Alfred Smith, Mrs. B. E. Walker, Mr. Martland, Mr. Haultain, Major Leigh, Col. and Mrs. Sweny, Mr. and Mrs. Foster of Llandedo and their pretty daughters, just returned from a jaunt to Niagara over Sunday, with which they were in raptures; Mr. Alfred Beardmore, Mrs. George Dawson, Miss Crooks, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Cawthra, Mr. and Mrs. Nordheimer, the Misses Nordheimer, Mr. and Mrs. Casimir Gzowski, Mrs. John Cawthra, Col. and Mrs. Davidson, Col. and Mrs. Mason and their guest, Prof. Unwin; Mrs. Irving Cameron, Mrs. Gilbert Griffin, who has just returned from a six weeks' visit in London; Mr. Oliver Howland, in fact most of the hosts and hostesses and their guests who are best known, and a limited number of other friends. At no time was there a crowd present, for many could only remain a short time on account of three or four other teas in progress.

On Monday evening Mr. and Mrs. Kappele gave a very jolly little dinner at the Yacht Club for Mrs. Alfred T. Smith and a small party of congenial friends. Alderman and Mrs. Rutter had also a pleasant group for dinner and the dance to follow.

Dr. Harry J. Watson of Iowa is visiting his mother, Mrs. George Kennedy, Bloor street west, for a few days, and then proceeds to Montreal to attend the meeting of the British Medical Association, of which he is a member.

Mrs. Fred Gillespie, (*nee* Gilmour) is to be married the end of September in England to an Irish gentleman. Mrs. and Miss Vernie Gilmour are to sail for home in September. They have been spending the summer at St. Leonards on the sea.

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## Social and Personal.

A most elegant reception was given at Yeadon Hall on Friday evening by Mr. and Mrs. Henry Cawthra to the officers and members of the British Association. The guests were late in arriving, owing to the very interesting lecture on that evening and several dinner engagements. Mrs. Cawthra, in a quiet black gown with touches of rare lace and a few rich jewels, with her pretty daughter in white (Mr. Cawthra, as usual, being a perfect host), received at the entrance of the drawing-room, and about ten o'clock was kept very busy welcoming many visitors whose faces have become familiar to us during the past few days. Among the Toronto people invited were: Mr. Bridgman Simpson and his guest, Prof. W. G. Adams; Major and Mrs. Cosby and their guest, Mr. H. E. Armstrong; Miss Wilkin and her guests, Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Roberts-Austen; Mr. Frederick Wyld and his guests, Prof. and Miss Ayrton; Dr. Peters and his guest, Dr. Barnes; Mr. C. Robinson and his guest, Rev. G. C. Bell; Dr. Graham and his guest, Dr. Billings; Col. and Mrs. Sweny and their guest, Prof. W. T. Blandford; Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Boulton and their guest, Mr. E. W. Brabrook; Mrs. and Miss Melvin-Jones and their guests, Dr. and Mrs. Bottomley; Mr. Jennings and his guests, Prof. and Mrs. Bovey; Mr. and Mrs. W. F. McLean and their guest, Prof. Bower; Mr. and Mrs. Goldwin Smith and their guests, Right Hon. James and Mrs. Bryce; Mr. W. B. Hamilton and his guest, Prof. W. H. Dall; Mr. E. H. Keating and his guests, Prof. and Miss Deacon; Prof. G. M. Dawson, C.M.G.; Rev. Arthur Baldwin and his guest, Prof. Harold Dixon; Prof. Ramsay Wright and his guest, Prof. Anton Dorn; Hon. A. S. and Mrs. Hardy and Mr. Dunstan; Mr. and Mrs. Boswell and Prof. Ewing; Mr. and Mrs. E. B. Osler and their guests, Sir John and Lady Evans, Prof. and Mrs. G. Carey Foster, Miss Foster, Prof. C. Lettice Foster, Mrs. Foster, the Misses Foster, Prof. Michael Foster and Mrs. Foster; President Loudon and his guest, Prof. Forsyth; Colonel and Mrs. Sweny and their guests, Hon. Sir C. W. Freemantle, President and Mrs. Gilman, Prof. Gibson, General Greeley, Mrs. and Miss Merritt and their guest, Prof. Greenhill; Mr. and Mrs. Hartley Dewar and Prof. Hartland; Dr. and Mrs. I. H. Cameron and their guests, Prof. Vernon Harcourt and Prof. Keltie; Dr. Kennedy and his guest, Prof. Herdman; Mr. Willie Gwyne and his guest, Prof. Hudson; Mr. H. J. Mitchell and his guest, Prof. John Hopkinson; Prof. Mavor and his guest, Prince Peter Krapotkin; Mrs. John Cawthra and her guests, Prof. Lodge and Prof. Morgan; Mr. and Mrs. Nordheimer and their guests, Prof. Magnus and Prof. Runge; Mr. and Mrs. Selous; Mr. and Mrs. Kerr Osborne, Prof. Scott, Mr. Spark; Mr. Barwick and his guest, Prof. Thompson; Mr. Warren and his guests, Prof. H. D. Thompson and Prof. Warren; Dr. and Mrs. Grasset and their guest, Sir William Turner; Lieut.-Col. and Mrs. Mason and their guest, Prof. Unwin; Mr. and Mrs. A. R. Creelman and their guest, Prof. Marshall Ward; Mrs. Merritt and her guest, Major-General Webber; Mr. and Mrs. G. R. Cockburn, Mr. and the Misses Brock, Mr. and Mrs. Beatty, Mr. and Mrs. Coulson, Mr. and Miss Arthur, Mr. and Mrs. Denison, Sir George and Lady Kirkpatrick, Captain and Miss Kirkpatrick, Bishop and Mrs. Sullivan, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Drayton, Justice Falconbridge, Mr. Gooderham of Waveney, Justice and Mrs. McMahon, Rev. and Mrs. Wallace, Colonel and Mrs. Otter, Mrs. Buchanan, Sir Oliver Mowat, Captain and Mrs. Forrester, Mr. and Mrs. Burnham, the Misses Rowand, the Vice-regal party, Prof. Vandermissem, Messrs. Scott Griffin, Stewart Houston, Robinson and Alexander. A large orchestra played on the east veranda, and the grounds were beautifully decorated with Chinese lanterns. A very elegant supper was served in the dining-room, and the reception at Yeadon Hall easily takes first place as an evening function of this season.

Mr. and Mrs. C. Brodie Glass and pretty little fair-haired, blue-eyed daughter, Muriel Beryl, have returned from flying visits to Montreal, Quebec, Lake St. John (in the mountains), and the popular seaside resort, Metis, at which beautiful spot they were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Marsh in their pretty summer home. Baskets of nice shells, star-fish, sea-urchins, razor-fish, sponges and sea-weed testify to their activity at low tide.

A very pleasant and successful entertainment was held at Milford Bay House on Tuesday evening, August 17, the object being to defray the expenses of improvements at the Methodist parsonage, Port Carling. The programme consisted of both vocal and instrumental music, readings and recitations of the highest order, the performers representing different countries and states. At the close of a lengthy programme, the highly esteemed chairman, Rev. Dr. Cowan of Pittsburg, asked to still further unite the two sister countries by singing a verse of God Save the Queen, followed by a verse of My Country 'Tis of Thee, which was received with great applause and sung most heartily by all present. After the entertainment refreshments were served, and the company parted with mutual good feeling. The proceeds, \$28, were handed to the financial committee by Rev. Laidlaw.

Mr. Glanton G. Duncan, barrister, of Woodstock, returned this week from Old Orchard Beach, where he has been spending a two month's holiday.

President and Mrs. Loudon on Thursday evening, August 19, entertained at dinner: Rt. Hon. Lord Kelvin and Lady Kelvin, Rt. Hon. Lord Lister, Rt. Hon. Mr. Bryce and Mrs. Bryce, Sir John and Lady Evans, Prof. and Mrs. Goldwin Smith, General Greeley, President Patton, Mr. and Mrs. Byron Walker, Prof. and Mrs. Poulton, Prof. Forsyth, Prof. Baldwin, and Mr. J. Lorne McDougall.

Chancellor and Mrs. Boyd with their family and a party of congenial souls are on an island in Georgian Bay. "Good Cheer" is the name of the Boyd summer island and for many seasons it has been the place where this sturdy family gathers enjoyment.

Is it the Jubilee or the Conventions or what is it that has affected poor old sleepy August? I have heard of several engagements and even

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a marriage which has made some people go home and put ice on their heads. And now I hear of the "promise made" of one of our prettiest girls, whose mother was a noted beauty belonging to one of the old families. It is not announced yet. August can't have everything.

On Wednesday of last week a yachting party was given by Mr. A. E. Knopf of Linden, N.J., from his summer residence on Milton Island in the St. Lawrence, near Kingston, on his handsome steam launch, Miltonia. The Miltonia, which is one of the fastest launches on the river, left the island at nine o'clock in the morning and went to the canoe camp on Grindstone Island, where the party remained for some hours and then took a run to Alexandria Bay, through the prettiest groups of the Thousand Islands. Lunch was taken on board. Those in the party were: Rev. Oscar and Mrs. Gesner of Linden, N.J.; Mr. Knopf, the Misses Knopf, the Masters Knopf of Linden, N.J.;

Mrs. R. Cartwright of Toronto, Miss Cartwright, Miss Fannie Cartwright, Miss Mary Cartwright, Mr. Conway Cartwright of Kingston; Mr. F. C. T. O'Hara of Ottawa, Mrs. W. B. Leslie, Miss Julia Merrick and Miss Amy Fay of New York.

Mr. Eugene Gagnon, formerly of the Merchant's Bank here, has been spending his vacation in town.

At the reception Thursday night at the Parliament Buildings a visitor was seen going in with a fur cap on; he hadn't it pulled down over his ears, and he didn't say so, but one may be sure he is an intimate friend of Rudyard Kipling's. We can easily imagine him telling in the Old Country how "in August, their hot month, I had to wear a fur cap—so cold, you know."

Mr. G. Mercer Adam, a former Torontonian and well known, was here for a few days this week from Akron, Ohio, where he now resides. I presume he came with congratulations. The engagement of his son, Mr. Graeme G. Adam of the Ontario Bank, with Miss Rolph of Rosedale was announced a few days ago.

So the Ramblers won the Dunlop silver shield last Saturday, after a well-fought and well-won race. That jolly club is all alive.

Dr. and Mrs. Garratt left on Monday by the mail boat for a two weeks' trip, intending to return via Montreal to the meeting of the British Medical Association there on September 1.

Mr. James Pryse, of New York, gave two very interesting lectures in the Forum Hall last Sunday and Monday. As a traveler and antiquarian his investigations in South America were interesting to many of the scientists who attended, and to all students of comparative religion. His lecture on the relationship of theosophy to christianity was a comprehensive account of the points in which the religion of the Indians of America agree with the theosophic idea of the teachings of Christ. Mr. Pryse who, like Mrs. Besant, was a pupil of Madam H. P. Blavatzky, proved himself an eloquent speaker, holding his audience for nearly two hours on each occasion.

A very delightful dance was given by the guests of the Paignton House, Muskoka, on Wednesday of last week. The house was tastefully decorated with the Canadian and American flags, Chinese lanterns, etc., and one of the features of the evening was a skirt dance by the "Signorita Stoveletta." Those present were the guests of the Paignton House: Mrs. H. W. and Miss Davies, Mrs. Alf. Smith, Mr. and C. Marriott, Mrs. Sutherland Stayner, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Mitchell, Mrs. and Miss Gamble, Miss Black, Miss Johnston, the Misses Bayley and Mr. Chichester all of Toronto; Mrs. Shiris of New York, Mr. C. E. Bruce of Rochester, Mr. Raymond Everest of Rochester. Guests from Cleveland, Woodington, etc., were present.

## Why He Married.

The reasons why some men marry are often better than the others are complimentary. An old Yorkshire collier, well known for his success in the courting-field, recently surprised all his mates by marrying a very unprepossessing pauper-woman. He had always been reckoned a confirmed hater of the other sex.

"Why has he gone and got spliced, lad, at thy age?" one of his friends asked him.  
"Oh, that's not much of a tale," answered the old man stolidly. "I agree wi' ye 'at Betsy yonder is no beauty—if she had been I shouldn't have wed her. But that there dog o' mine, he was simply pinin' for somebody to look after him while I was away at t' pit. I couldn't bear to leave him in the house by hisself, so I hit on the idea o' marryin' Betsy. She's not handsome, but she's mighty good company for the dog!"

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## A Match at Billiards.

BY CLARENCE ROOK.  
Black and White.

It was a moist, unpleasant day. The rain had begun immediately after breakfast, and now at eleven o'clock it looked like raining till the Crack of Doom. I had wandered up and down seeking congenial company and finding none, had finally cast anchor in the billiard room, where I practised the spot stroke.

I had made a break of nine and was beginning to feel more cheerful, when suddenly the door opened and Miss Anstruther appeared.

"O," she said, as she shut the door and stood with her hands behind her upon the handle, "I thought it was Mr. McDonald."

"It is a better—and a poorer—man," I said, resting my cue on the floor. "Do you want to find Mr. McDonald?"

"Yes—no! It doesn't matter," said Miss Anstruther.

"Perhaps you can say it to me as well?" I suggested. Miss Anstruther thought a moment or two and then shook her head.

"No; I couldn't say it to you."

It may have been my fancy; but I thought that Miss Anstruther blushed.

"Anyway," I said cheerfully, "if it doesn't matter, you can come and play billiards with me. I'm lonely."

"But I play very badly," said Miss Anstruther, doubtfully. "I don't think I ever played seriously."

"Well, this won't be serious," I said, selecting a light cue and chalking the tip. "Now, all you have got to do is to make your ball hit the red and go into a pocket, or put the red into a pocket—or both."

"Oh, dear!" said Miss Anstruther, "what a lot to think about. There! What does that count?"

"One to me," I said, and missed an easy hazard.

"Why were you so funny last night?" said Miss Anstruther.

"I am never funny," I said; "serious, humorous, stupid—perhaps—but not funny."

Miss Anstruther aimed wildly. Her ball went twice around the table and hit nothing.

"How provoking!" she said.

Then she lifted her chin and rested it on the tip of her cue.

"You know what I mean," she said. "Why did you leave me alone all the evening with Mr. McDonald?"

"Well," I said, "I was talking—let me see—to Miss Bates."

"You found her amusing?"

"Not amusing. Better. Pretty."

"O, you couldn't call her pretty. Nice, but—"

"Decidedly pretty—in her way. Now—you are plain, aren't you?" I said, seeing a likely cannon.

"I beg your pardon," said Miss Anstruther coldly.

"I mean I'm playing with spot. By jove!" I exclaimed, as I turned away in disgust after missing a cannon, "there he is."

"Who?" asked Miss Anstruther.

"Mr. McDonald, walking up and down in the garden, smoking a cigar in the rain. 'Shall I whistle him in?'"

"O, no!" said Miss Anstruther.

"Why not?" I asked, facing around towards her. "I thought you wanted to see him."

"O, there's no hurry—no immediate hurry," said she. "He doesn't leave till this afternoon."

"I thought it might be something important," I said.

"It is important," said Miss Anstruther. "O! you are horrid," she continued, stamping her foot. "You know quite well what—I shouldn't tell you, should I?"

"But you haven't told me," I said consolingly.

"O, but you can guess," said Miss Anstruther, shaking her head. "You must have noticed—something. And I've no right to say anything about it."

I paused judicially.

"It seems," I said after an appropriate interval, "quite a suitable arrangement. Mr. McDonald is very wealthy."

"Yes," said Miss Anstruther reflectively, "he has money. But then, so have I."

"That is what makes it so suitable," I said.

"But," said Miss Anstruther, lifting her eyebrows pathetically, "he's—well—"

"That is true," I said. "But we all have our faults. And poverty's the worst of them."

"I don't think so," said Miss Anstruther quickly.

"Mrs. Anstruther thinks so," I replied.

"Yes, of course, you could see mamma wanted—"

Miss Anstruther tapped the floor with her foot.

I turned to the window and watched Mr. McDonald walking up and down in the rain. Miss Anstruther sat down upon one of the soft cushioned benches which ran around the billiard room.

"It happened last night," she said suddenly, "when you were—"

"What happened?" I asked.

"O, you know!"

"Your engagement?"

"I am not engaged."

"Not engaged? Then what are we talking about?"

"You are stupid. Don't you understand? That's what I have to decide—to tell Mr. McDonald this morning—before he goes away. O! I oughtn't to tell you all this. But you made me, you know. And I think you might help me."

"I would with pleasure, if I only knew—"

"What should a girl do when her mother wants her to—know—and the man is—"

"Rich," I suggested.

"Yes, and—like that," Miss Anstruther nodded towards the window.

"It's a difficult question," I said, "a very difficult question. As you have asked me to advise you—well—do you love him?"

"You may put that aside," said Miss Anstruther with a sweep of her hand.

"That simplifies matters," I said. "Then there comes the question of filial duty. You

see, a parent judges in these matters with less—I mean with greater freedom from—personal feelings."

"But," objected Miss Anstruther, "it is a very personal matter, isn't it? Besides, I am sure mamma would never want me to—marry anyone whom she thought I didn't really—I didn't—or, I mean, if I—"

I shook my head gravely.

"You must really be frank with me, if I am to advise you profitably," I said.

"If I really cared for someone else," said Miss Anstruther, very softly.

"Ah—there's someone else?"

Miss Anstruther nodded.

"Who doesn't care for you?"

"Oh, yes, he does," said Miss Anstruther quickly, raising her eyes for a moment to mine and then dropping them again.

I was just addressing my mind to this fresh complication, when Miss Anstruther jumped up.

"Oh, but we are not playing," she said. "It's my turn, isn't it?"

"It is," I said, with a sigh; for I should have preferred to follow out the subject. "You have an easy losing hazard off the red into the top pocket."

"A hazard?" said Miss Anstruther rather vaguely.

"It is a hazard," I explained, "when you go for the pocket."

"How funny!" said Miss Anstruther, stopping in mid-stroke. "It's like—"

"Yes," I said, "there are many analogies between billiards and the tender passion. But, excuse me, you won't do it that way; and if you hold your cue like that, you'll dig a hole in the cloth."

I went around the table to where Miss Anstruther was standing.

"Keep quite still and I'll show you," I said. I placed her hand in the right position at the butt end of the cue, and, holding it there, showed her how to make a proper bridge with the left hand and slide the cue smoothly and horizontally over it.

"Now," I said, still retaining a guiding hand on the cue, "if you aim so, you'll get the pocket—unless the balls kiss."

Naturally I was compelled to stand very close to Miss Anstruther during this object lesson—so close that the curl that nestled around her left ear tickled my lips as my breath stirred it.

Miss Anstruther made her stroke. It was a ridiculous stroke.

"Were you really going for the pocket?" I asked.

"I think," said she, turning and facing me, "the kiss spoils it."

Miss Anstruther was strangely agitated over her failure. Thinking it better to change the subject from billiards I said:

"Tell me, what are you going to say to Mr. McDonald?"

We were, as I have said, of necessity very close together, and Miss Anstruther dropped her eyes.

"I am going to tell him," she said, "that I don't care for him—not in that way—and—"

"And that's what you meant when you said just now that—that—you couldn't say it to me?"

Miss Anstruther's attention was fixed upon the toe of her right shoe, which she was tapping with the butt end of her cue. Mine was concentrated on Miss Anstruther's dropped eyelids. Consequently neither of us heard the door open.

"Hullo! Playing?" said Mr. McDonald, walking around towards the marking-board.

"What's the game?"

"The game," I said, looking up, "is—let me see—two and love; isn't it, Miss Anstruther?"

Miss Anstruther looked quickly at Mr. McDonald, and then at me.

"Yes," she said.

"H'm, last forever," said Mr. McDonald, going out and slamming the door.

"I hope so," I said as I turned again to Miss Anstruther.

### The Wrong Chinese.

A Story that is Vouched For.



WAH CHOO was, as his name indicates, a China man. He was quiet and unobtrusive and attended strictly to his little laundry business.

From early in the morning until late at night Wah Choo could be seen in his little shop on the east side of York street, just north of Adelaide, busily spluttering starch.

or rubbing grease spots from different articles. This was eleven years ago. Eleven years ago William Mills, now a saloon-keeper in Chicago, was a policeman on the Toronto police force and was champion athlete. A friend of Mills called at Wah's little shop for his laundry, but was unable to produce his check, and Wah promptly refused to hand over the clean linen. Mills heard of the affair, and while off duty one day strolled into the laundry and pulled down the bundles of washing in search of his friend's shirts and collars.

In his huge confidence in his big, bull-like muscles, he calmly ignored the quiet little five-foot-five Chinaman and his chattering expostulations.

Wah jumped the counter, but still Mills paid no attention to the pit-pat of the felt shoes behind him. Mills was conscious of a sneaky grip on the back of his neck, while a second hand grappled with his coat-tails, and the next second he landed on the sidewalk with a bump.

Mills was mad. He was back in the shop in a second ever ready to wipe up the soap-suds with Wah's small body. Wah was agile and dodged Mills' rush. When Mills again came to himself he was half-strangled with the elbow and throat grip.

Then a brother policeman happened in to see the muss.

"Don't interfere," gasped Mills, as the Chinaman released hold and stepped back into the corner behind the counter.

The policeman didn't. Mills a few minutes later wished he had.

The big athlete climbed over the counter. The Chinaman's beady eyes were now glittering with excitement. A short struggle, concealed by the counter, and Mills came over the counter and fell with a crash on the floor, breathless.

He was as mad and as unreasonable as a wild bull.

Time and time again he rushed at the sharp little Chin. In his rage he struck below the belt and tried by every foul blow, learned by long contact with King street toughs, to disable his cool little opponent. Every blow was dodged or parried. The only advantage Wah took of the openings left by Mills' wild attacks was to plant a stiff little blow on Mills' neck below the ear.

The officer on the beat was amazed to see the way in which the little Chinaman handled himself.

Mills was very groggy when Choo sang out, "Take him way, queek, or me kill him."

After Mills, with the assistance of a horn of brandy, had recovered, he returned in company with the policeman on the beat and shook hands with the only man in the city who could lower his colors.

The Chinaman asked the two heavy men to seat themselves in a chair. He stepped quickly behind the chair and, balancing it grasped by the rungs, lifted it clear off the floor. The men were wonderstruck.

Then one of the policemen, at that time weighing in the neighborhood of two hundred and twenty pounds, stepped off the table upon the outstretched hand of the celestial, who held him up for several seconds, the hand gradually being forced down by the great weight.

In the rear of the little shop the laundry man showed dozens of prizes which he had won in wrestling exhibitions and contests in Peking, Foo-Chow and other large cities of China.

Then he stripped and exhibited his muscles to the big Canadian athlete. It is true they were large in proportion to the size of the man who possessed them, but it was more their suppleness and the perfect knowledge of their use, gained by long years of training and short periods of practice afforded him in struggles with oily-skinned opponents, that enabled him to overcome the brawn of the police force champion. The story is rather old, but it was only brought to light when the policeman who had witnessed the struggle saw a short paragraph in a New York paper to the effect that "at Akron, Ohio, Wah Choo, a noted Chinese wrestler and strong man, had been killed by the fall of a large circus tent pole while he was helping to tear down the tent after a performance of the circus by which he was employed."

L. E. M.  
Toronto, August, '97.

The British American Business College of Toronto has for many years been recognized as one of the most important educational institutions in this country. Its various courses of training are of the most thorough and practical character, and its facilities for doing first-class work are not surpassed by those of any similar college in either Canada or the United States. It occupies the entire fourth floor of the west section of the Confederation building, corner of Yonge and Richmond streets, and is owned and directed by Messrs. Edward Trout, President of the Monetary Times Printing Co.; E. R. C. Clarkson, F. C. A., the well known chartered accountant and trustee; Frederick Wyld, of Wyld, Grasett & Darling; William McCabe, F. C. A., manager of the North American Life Insurance Co.; and S. F. McKinnon, wholesale milliner. It is impossible to look over the names of the directors without being impressed with the special advantages possessed by young people who avail themselves of the privilege of being trained in an institution governed by men who themselves stand at the head of several of the most important commercial enterprises of the Dominion. The College is affiliated with the Institute of Chartered Accountants, and its staff consists of only the most capable and experienced teachers, with Mr. David Hoskins, F. C. A., as principal. In addition to the regular Commercial and Short-hand courses special attention is given to the preparation of candidates for the Civil Service examinations. An unusually large number of new pupils have registered for the Fall term, which commences on Wednesday, September 1.

### Advice Plainly Given.

The Youth's Companion.

An elderly lady went into a large retail shop in New York just before Christmas and asked a young woman behind the counter:

"Have you any gold collar-buttons?"

The girl surveyed her critically a moment, and seeing an old, plainly-dressed woman, without a word took down a box, shoved it across the counter and indifferently turned away to survey the passers-by.

"These are sleeve-buttons," said the customer gently. "I said collar-buttons."

Her accent was not that of an American, and the girl giggled and looked significantly at one of her fellows as she took down another box and pushed it over the counter.

"These are enamelled, or set with imitation stones. I want plain gold buttons."

"The enamelled are the style now."

"I want the plain gold buttons, if you please," said the stranger quietly.

"If you can't find what you want there, we haven't got them," said the girl, tossing her head. "Ladies," she added, insolently, "are not buying cheap buttons for gifts now. They want the jeweled ones."

The stranger rose.

"They don't suit you? I knew they wouldn't from the first." She banged the lid on the box and turned her back on the customer.

The lady hesitated, and then said in a gentle, firm voice: "I might call your employer and tell him how badly his interests are served by you. But I am sorry for you, and I am going, instead, to waste a little plain common sense on you."

"I came from England. So did you. You would have waited humbly on me there, for one-third the wages you are paid here. Your purpose now is to show each customer that you

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think you 'are as good as she is. That is probably the cause of your rudeness just now. You may be as good or better than I. But that is not what your employer pays you to show to me. He pays you to sell his buttons. The more civil and attentive you are the more buttons you will sell, and the more money you will earn. That is your one chance to better your condition."

She went out. The girl looked after her flushed and angry.

"Do you know who that woman is?" she asked a salesman who was passing.

"That is Lady Dash," naming a well-known noblewoman, who is a leader in several international reforms. "Why? What was she saying to you?"

The girl hesitated. "She was trying to show me what a fool I have been, and I think she did it," she said, candidly.

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### Some Nice Questions.

London Truth.

They must have a pretty high standard of mathematics at Winchester. Here are one or two questions from the arithmetic paper set the other day at a scholarship examination for boys under thirteen:

V. Telegraph poles are 66 yards apart. For how many minutes must a person travelling in a train count poles in order that the number of poles counted may be equal to the number of miles per hour that the train is running?

VI. A man leaves one-third of his property to his wife and two-thirds to his unborn child if a boy, but two-thirds to his wife and one-third to the child if a girl. The man dies and twins are born—a boy and a girl. How ought the property to be divided?

VII. Seven families occupy the different flats of a seven-storied house and they have to pay £9 2s. per annum to keep the common staircase clean. How should this expense be divided between them?

X. Find the age at which the mathematician, Diophantus of Alexandria, died, from his epitaph, which was to the following effect: "Diophantus passed one-sixth of his life in childhood, one-twelfth in youth, and one-seventh more as a bachelor; five years after his marriage was born a son, who died four years before his father, at half the age his father finally reached."

### Men With Women's Voices.

London Mail.

Generally speaking, races living at high altitudes have weaker and more highly pitched voices than those living in regions where the supply of oxygen is more plentiful. Thus, in America, among the Indians living on the plateaus between the ranges of the Andes, at an elevation of from 10,000 feet to 14,000 feet, the men have voices like the women, and the women like children, and their singing is a shrill monotone. The Australian native has a

weak voice, but a knack of sending it a long distance, and the lowest tribes of African Bushmen would come into the same category; but of all human beings, it would seem that the dwarf race, discovered by Stanley in Central Africa, have, in point of volume and compass, the weakest of human voices, and this is only what one would expect from the feebleness of their physique generally.

### Sullivan's Training for Umpire.

Chicago Times-Herald.

John L. Sullivan's fitness for a position as umpire of a League contest on the diamond seems to consist of a long course of training with inshoots and high balls.

### Experience Has Proved It.

A triumph in medicine was attained when experience proved that Scott's Emulsion would not only stop the progress of pulmonary consumption, but by its continued use, health and vigor could be fully restored.

Dobson—Say, old man, you are so absent-minded I believe you are in love! Hobson—Me? Oh! ho! ho! Why, don't you know I'm married?—Puck.

Pedestrian—Have you no occupation? Beggar—Yes, sir; I am a collector of rare coins. You haven't a spare ten-dollar gold piece about you, have you?—Philadelphia Record.

Professor—Margaret, please take the cat out of the room. I cannot have it making such a noise while I am at work. Where is it? Margaret—Why, sir, you are sitting on it.—Fledge Blade.

"There's no excuse for a man whose wife does not appreciate him," said Mr. Meekton. "It's his own fault." "How is he going to help himself?" "By purchasing a tandem bicycle."—Washington Star.

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# A Gambler's Christmas Eve.

A TRUE STORY.

By the Gambler in the Dramatic News.

IT was at what seemed to be about the end of a long and disastrous period of play that I stood, about twelve o'clock at night in Chicago, considering what I should do next. Everything had gone wrong for more than a year. I had never before encountered such a persistent run of ill fortune. There had been plenty of other times when I had been "broke," but I had never previously approached that condition with such steady, sure, and inexorable precision.

In my profession a high roller may win or lose a fortune in an incredibly short space of time. Many of us have known what it was to be at the top and also at the bottom of the financial ladder three or four times within the compass of a twelvemonth. Those of us who have places of business of our own may grow steadily and surely rich. That is to say, the game always has a good margin the best of it over the outside player—a good enough margin to make plenty of money if there be sufficient play.

But there are comparatively few of us who know enough to resist temptation. Rare indeed is the professional gambler who possesses the self-restraint to avoid playing against other games, and remain content with the profits of his own. When you find such a man it is better than even betting that he is rich—or will be.

At the period of which I write, I had "blown in" as good a game as anyone would care to own, and with it had gone the accumulated earnings of several years. I was heavily in debt, besides, and as I stood under the electric light looking up and down the street, I was in a very bad way. It had been respectfully hinted to me at my hotel—where I owed nineteen hundred dollars—that I might as well seek other quarters without the annoyance of being encumbered with my baggage, and there I was, on Christmas eve, with a little hand satchel, the clothes in which I stood, and a two-dollar bill—that was all.

I wasn't hungry, you understand, or likely to be. Nor was it among the immediate probabilities that I should suffer any serious personal inconvenience. But, so sure, and stately, and impressively had my ill luck followed me that I was thoroughly disgusted and discouraged. It is not easy for a man who has been worth a round quarter of a million to find himself, at the end of a year, with his wardrobe tied up and his cash reduced to a pitiful pair of dollars.

I walked along the street, watching the throngs of people who, in holiday humor, were surging into and out of the shops, happy enough, apparently, and I gradually acquired a kind of unreasoning anger at them. They had no business to enjoy themselves with such ostentation when I was in such different trim from them. Presently, being accustomed to analyze my feelings—as every man must who learns to do nothing by impulse—I pulled myself together and concluded to go to a hotel and do some pretty careful thinking.

Strolling into the corridor of the best place of public entertainment in town, where I was well known, I tossed my "grip" to a boy, wrote my name upon the register, ordered a big bedroom with a fire in the grate, a bottle of champagne and some cigars, and retired from view. For a couple of hours I sat before the fire smoking and toasting my shins, and carefully considering the future. It was by no means an easy matter to lay out any definite plans, and after sending my mind into every nook and corner of the world that I could think of, without producing any encouraging results, I determined to sleep over the situation and tackle it again in the morning.

It was probably two o'clock when I finally turned down my light and rolled into bed. I had left most of my clothing in a large chair in the middle of the room, but my trousers, with my solitary two-dollar bill in the pocket, I had tossed upon a little table at the head of the bed. An hour or more elapsed. My brain must have been worked up to a high degree of tension, for I could not compose myself to slumber. I had rolled about somewhat in my various efforts to strike a comfortable and somnolent position, and had pretty nearly resigned myself to a wakeful night, when something happened.

Through the semi-gloom of the apartment I saw the lower sash of the window begin slowly, cautiously and silently to rise, and presently I could detect, silhouetted against the lighter atmosphere without, the head and shoulders of a man. It struck me as being so utterly ridiculous for a burglar to select my quarters as a presumably profitable field of operations that I made no attempt whatsoever to repel the intruder. As a matter of fact, I was as eager to observe what he would do when he reached the bonanza he was seeking as he could possibly have been to reach it. I lay perfectly still and pretended to be sound asleep.

The burglar stepped noiselessly into the room and came cautiously across the floor. After a moment of listening at the bedside, he evidently concluded I was all right, for I could hear him pick up my trousers and lay some metallic object down upon the little table, while he proceeded to explore my pockets. Having completed this process he walked coolly over to the chair containing my other effects, and began turning them over. Glancing over my shoulder, I noticed that the metallic object placed upon the table by my uninvited visitor was a short, thick, heavy calibre revolver. I stealthily reached out for the weapon, and, covering the burglar with it, sat up in bed.

The sound of my movement caught his ear. He turned quickly and took a step toward me. When he saw the pistol he stopped, put up his hands, and looked foolish.

"Stand right where you are," said I. "If you make a move I will shoot."

"All right, governor," replied the burglar. "You've got me dead to rights. I have nothing to say."

"Shut up!" I commanded sternly.

he returned sulkily.

"You do what I tell you," I retorted, "and you can walk out of here a free man."

"Spose I don't?"

"Then," I went on, "you will be carried out, feet first, with a big hole in you about half way between your chin and belt. I am not fooling."

"Well," he growled, "what do you want?"

"Take off your clothes."

"What's that?"

"Take off your clothes."

"What d—d nonsense is this?"

"QUICK!" I exclaimed, and cocked the revolver.

It was a self-cocker, by the way, but I cocked it for effect. The man began to disrobe. When he had everything off but his undershirt, I told him to get into bed and turn his face to the wall.

"If you turn over," said I, "you are as dead as Christopher Columbus."

He lost no time in obeying, though the puzzled look upon his features told that he had not the faintest idea what I was driving at. I would have given a good deal to know what was passing through his mind just then. I fancy he must have thought he had broken into an asylum for the incurably insane.

Having once more cautioned him not to stir, I proceeded to dress myself. I then went through the pockets of the burglar's clothes, where I found a number of keys, a watch, several pawn tickets, a short jimmy, a thin-bladed knife, and ninety-four dollars in cash.

"Now, my friend," I observed, at parting, "I am going out of here. You may remain until morning, if you like. I shall leave your clothes in the cloak room. You can get them at any time, after an hour, by ringing for them. Your revolver, watch and money I will keep as mementoes of this meeting. By the way, I am much obliged to you for dropping in."

There was a muttered curse from the bed.

"Don't swear," said I, reprovingly. "It shocks me to hear profanity at a time like this, when heaven has so clearly sent you to me. Remember my directions. If you disobey them you will surely be sent to jail. Good night."

I went out, locked the door on the outside, and walked downstairs. I told the night clerk a friend had called on me and was so much intoxicated that after getting him to bed I had locked him into the room and brought away his clothes, to be sure he would get an hour's rest. In the morning the clothes could be sent up to their owner. Then I paid the bill and sallied out.

The spirit of gambling was upon me. I walked briskly down the street to a place I knew, where the game was still open. I bought a fifty dollar stack of checks and began to play. I kept playing, without a break, for two days and nights. And after that, I kept on playing, until I had won almost fabulous sums. The burglar, I have always believed in my bones, was an instrument of Providence, sent straight to relieve me of my hoodoo. I never saw him again. Probably he has it yet.

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A Reporter's Searching Investigation Into a Case at Orangeville—The Claims Made on Behalf of this Medicine Fully Borne Out—The Greatest Healing Medicine of the Age.

From the Orangeville Sun.

In a cosy little house in Margaret street, in this town, lives Mr. John Garrity, his wife and family, although a few years ago a sadder household would be hard to find. Their happiness was not occasioned by the sudden obtaining of a fortune, but by something much more precious—the restoration to health of a wife and mother when everyone whispered that she must die. Our reporter heard of Mrs. Garrity's illness and cure, and for the benefit of our readers investigated the case; what he learned is well worth repeating. A few years ago Mr. Garrity kept a well known hotel at Cheltenham and was known far and wide for his kindness and hospitality; his wife, too, was noted for her amiability. However, she was stricken with a peculiar sickness, her health failed rapidly and from one hundred and forty-seven pounds her weight became reduced to ninety-five pounds. Fainting spells became frequent, and a continual pain in the back of her head almost drove her frantic. Physicians were in attendance, but the doctors all said there was no hope. Mrs. Garrity saw death staring her in the face, and the thought of leaving her little children caused her much sadness. She was advised to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, but thought they could not possibly do her any good when physicians had failed to alleviate her sufferings. Hoping, however, almost against hope, she procured a supply, and wonderful to relate she had not been taking Pink Pills long when the dreadful symptoms of her illness began to pass away, and to-day she is the picture of health. A few months ago Mr. Garrity and family removed to Orangeville, and in conversation with our representative Mrs. Garrity said: "I cannot find words to express my thankfulness for what Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have done for me. Why it is almost miraculous. I wish that everyone who is suffering as I was will hear of this remedy. We always keep a box of the Pink Pills in the house."

After tea to-night when you sit down for your evening smoke kindly consider the advisability of getting a full box of fine Havanas at Muller's, nine King west. Box buying is money saving—you get a finer cigar for less money, too.

## A Philosopher King.

Not many monarchs attain celebrity as philosophers. King Oscar of Sweden is, however, an exception, and the Senate of the Vienna University has, with the Emperor Francis Joseph's approval, made the King an Honorary Doctor of Philosophy, in recognition of his service to science. King Oscar is a poet, mathematician, and Orientalist. He has the works of many learned men published at his own expense, and is a great patron of scientific expeditions to the Polar regions.

The SATURDAY NIGHT Building has been very successful as an office building, their being little room to be let. This is an evidence of its popularity and of the wisdom of its location, near the new City Hall. There is a nice room now vacant on the first floor which it would be well to inspect if you are thinking of a change. See the business manager.

# The Department Store.

THE Toledo Journal sent out a commissioner to investigate the operations of department stores in Chicago, Buffalo, Philadelphia, Toronto and other places, and his observations were very interesting, showing that everywhere the department store uses the same artifices to delude the public, destroy competition and amass fortunes rapidly. Reverting to the subject last week the Journal says:

"It is claimed that, because of these aggregate evils, costs to the consumer are reduced. This specious argument is heralded far and wide, and most industriously, but the real truth is, if we will examine it carefully, that the department store does not lower costs to the consumer. It may, and most probably does, lower values, but a cheap thing is notoriously a poor thing. 'Something for nothing' is an old cry, but it is void of solvent truth. To offer articles of known value that other articles, little known, may be unloaded at a great profit, does not augur for real service. The department store does not and cannot buy more cheaply than the merchant who devotes his entire time and ability to purveying a single line of merchandise. It is not reasonable that it should. Nor is the money of these concerns of greater value than that of the regular merchant. Nor is the cry of 'selling for cash' of weight. For all business is done on a cash basis. It is merely a scheme of concentration, which does not sustain the promises of help which it makes. It is much like the claim of the Standard Oil Company that it has reduced the cost of oil to the consumer. A mere claim which facts do not substantiate. For we would unquestionably have had oil in abundance and quite as low in price as we have to-day had there never been a Standard Oil Company. True, the Standard has 'hogged' fortunes away from a multitude of small operators; ruined and destroyed on all hands; suborned and corrupted railroad officials; cunningly invaded legislatures and influenced laws for its own behoof, but that it has ever lowered the cost of illuminating oil to the consumer is easily disproved. So with the department store, it is a glaring fraud on its face. It may be that we will be compelled to cure this evil on the old plan of curing the bite of a dog by using the hair of the canine. That we will need to organize co-operative stores, in which the true communal, or socialistic idea, is carried out, in lieu of allowing the department store to kill off opposition for the sole advantage of the owners thereof. For, be it true, as claimed for the trust and department store, that mankind is better served thus, then mankind, and not a favored few, ought to reap the advantage."

## A Strange Decision.

Punch is supposed to have sent out his "not-to-be-believed" interviewer to have a chat with Prince Ranjitsingh, who is reported to be returning to India this fall to seek to recover his principality. The interviewer asked if it was true. He said it was.

"You see," he explained, "I am more or less a king in my own country."

"What, have power of life and death, and that sort of thing?"

"Well, yes; there or there about."

"And I suppose," I suggested, "when you go out for a walk, they turn out the guard and fire a salute of guns?"

"Yes," he admitted; "that's the idea."

"And I suppose you can wear robes of diamonds instead of flannels?"

"Quite so; in my own country I would have to exchange this flannel cap for a turban encrusted with precious stones."

"And yet, in spite of all this nuisance, you have determined, with your great position in

the field, to give up the game?"

"Yes," he said; "I have."

He sobbed for some moments, and then wiped away his tears, and added, "But it's only for a time!"

And when this last item became known, to adopt an Eastern phrase, the cricket ball of hope lowered the stumps of despair.

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Life.

She was tall, she was thin, she was angular, she was homely, she was dressed in execrable taste, and she was as unattractive a female as anyone ever laid eyes upon; but she was timid. She came into the car and examined us furtively with her weak and watery eyes; then she sidled up to the seat half occupied by the quiet man.

"Are you married?" she asked him, earnestly.

"Yes, ma'am," he replied, wondering if she were crazy.

"Do you love your wife?" she demanded.

"Yes, ma'am," he replied, blushing, and convinced that he must humor her.

"You'd die before you'd hurt her feelings?"

"Yes, ma'am," meekly.

"Do you belong to the Y. M. C. A.?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"Do you believe in a hell?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"Do you go to church regularly?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"Have you a mother?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"Would you disgrace her?"

"Yes—I mean no, ma'am."

"Have you sisters?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"Would you bring the blush of shame to their cheeks?"

"No, ma'am."

"And what is your business? Are you a drummer?"

"No, ma'am. I'm a minister of the Gospel."

"Would you be torn apart by wild horses before you would do anything to disgrace the cloth?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"Well," she said, with a sigh of relief, "I guess I dare sit beside you to the next station."

She Couldn't.

Chicago Times-Herald.

"Fare, please," said the conductor to the young woman who sat in the car, a picture of woe.

"I can't pay you this trip," answered the young woman, faintly.

"Why can't you, ma'am?" in a suspicious tone.

"I—I have lost my car fare."

"Did you have it when you boarded this car?"

"Yes, but I haven't it now. You can take my address or give me yours and I'll send it to you."

"I can't do that," said the man; "it's against the rules. If you lost your fare in this car there is no reason why you should not find it again. I'll help you to look for it."

"No, no," said the woman, in a state of alarm. "I tell you that it is lost and you will have to trust me to send it to you."

"Very strange!" said the conductor suspiciously. "If you lost it on this car I can't see any reason why you can't find it again. How did you lose it?"

"I—I swallowed it!" shrieked the young woman, driven to desperation, and the conductor went out on the rear end of the car and cuffed a small boy's ears.

## King Ross of Cocos Islands.

Sydney Mail.

The copra which commands the highest price on the English markets is sent from the Cocos or Keeling Islands, a little group in the Indian Ocean to the south-west of Sumatra. Seventy years ago a Scotchman landed there, fought the ruling chief and became King Ross. Now the Ross family and five hundred natives occupy the islands.

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## THE TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT

EDMUND E. SHEPPARD - Editor

SATURDAY NIGHT is a Twelve-page, handsomely illustrated paper, published weekly, and devoted to its readers. Sixteen pages are often given to subscribers in a single weekly issue without extra charge.

OFFICE:  
SATURDAY NIGHT BUILDING  
Adelaide Street West - Toronto  
Ontario, Canada.

TELEPHONE (Business Office) No. 1709  
(Editorial Rooms) No. 1709

Subscriptions will be received on the following terms:  
One Year.....\$2 00  
Six Months.....1 00  
Three Months.....50

Delivered in Toronto, 50c. per annum extra.  
Advertising rates made known on application at the business office.

THE SHEPPARD PUBLISHING CO., LIMITED,  
PROPRIETORS.

VOL. XI TORONTO, AUGUST 28, 1897 [No. 41]

## Saturday Night Out of Town.

Wherever you go for vacation you can have "Saturday Night" mailed to you. To any address in Canada or the United States, 20c. a month; to foreign addresses, 25c. a month. Ask your newsdealer or write to this office.

## Stage and Platform.

THE theater season has commenced. With this week's attraction the Toronto Opera House sets the ball a-rolling, said ball to continue revolving six nights a week, to say nothing of Saturday afternoons, public holidays, and Tuesday and Thursday bargain matinees, until it lands with a thump into the middle of next spring. The comedy of complications, with vaudeville trimmings and specialty interruptions, entitled Who is Who, presented by Messrs. Joe Kelly and Charles A. Mason, written by Herbert Hall Winslow, is the name and address of the piece—at least, so I gather from the programme. There is a lot more valuable information on that same yellow programme. I've found out exactly what to do when my head becomes bald; I know a place where they darn your socks, and I also found after a diligent search a bill of the play and its tag, quoted above. Who is Who? is made up of the old situation and complications caused by a man undertaking to impersonate two characters at once—his own, or what he wants the world to believe is his own, and somebody else's, in this case a fictitious partner's. This is a gigantic undertaking. The generality of us find it hard enough to impersonate characters supposed to be ourselves. How near they are to our true selves, we ourselves, our dearest friends and our deadliest enemies only know. Jack Hartland, a young lawyer, tries to be another and the same person at the same time, or at times immediately adjoining, and at length comes to the point where he is accused of murdering his imaginary partner. He disguises himself as his imaginary partner, Mr. Nemo, and is immediately, as Nemo, charged with theft, bigamy and other breaches of etiquette. A phonograph and a woman, however, intervene and carefully fix all infractions of police regulations on the nearest residing villain, a Mr. Jeff Barclay, who is a man of fashion, with a skeleton in his closet. Why Jeff relegates his skeleton to a cupboard, instead of concealing it about his person like an ordinary biped, is one of the things the programme trusted the author of the play to explain.

However, as a villain is the most irrational being yet invented, I hold that it was his own skeleton and he kept it shut up from pure eccentricity. The villain, once fairly saddled with the sins of the rest of the people, is magnanimously dismissed without the delay of summoning the escort of a policeman, as everybody is in a hurry for the company to get started on the finishing chorus, Who is Who? and have no time for trifles.

Who is Who? is a decidedly amusing farce, and if there were not so many "vaudeville interruptions" as to sometimes break the thread of the plot, I think it would be even more so. The specialties are all first-class in themselves from the tumbling gymnastics to the vocal contortions, but a piece such as Who is Who? with an attempt at originality and legitimacy can't stand being cut into mince-meat as the average collection of nonsense, from its very mushiness and irresponsibility, is enabled to do. Messrs. Kelly and Mason work hard and successfully as Hartland and Von Baumbach respectively, while Rose Barrington as Mabel, and Mrs. Rouse and Mrs. Sackett hold up the feminine half of the piece equally well. The rest of the company, including the members of the Condemned Murderers' Floral Association, provide capable support and "vaudeville trimmings," and the orchestra under its old leader, Mr. Will Obernier, fills in the cracks.

At the Auditorium on Monday evening Mrs. Annie Besant (pronounced Bess-ant), the prophetess of the wisdom-religion styled Theosophy, addressed a fair-sized audience of mostly people of her cult and a sprinkling of merely curiosity-bunters. Clad in a pure white vesture of flowing folds, suggesting the East not a little, with strongly marked intellectual features, dark eyes, gray hair and a deep—almost masculine—voice, Mrs. Besant gave a striking impression to the listener. Her address of over an hour and a half was delivered in a deliberate, yet off impassioned way, testifying to the speaker's evident great intellectual powers and belief in her subject. Able as her discourse on Theosophy and re-incarnation was, it is evident it could do little more than awaken interest in the tremendous claims put upon the unbeliever's credulity. Of talk about science, atoms, evolution, and the neces-

sity of a never upward progress of all life, whether mineral (f), vegetable, animal or human, there was plenty, but the hearer must take many another plunge into the esoteric depths before he can either have his faith in Christianity's tenets shaken or the fringes of his imagination (to which so much attention was directed) entangled in any real vestige of comfort or hope. However, as no fair statement of theosophy can be given in a few lines perhaps criticism is unfair, and the writer is conscious that, according to the law of Karma, this incredulity of his will have already cost him several eons of time on the upward march.

The Grand Opera House has been painted a cherry color from the doors right through to the footlights, and the house presents a warmer and cosier appearance than ever before. The Grand opens on Monday evening next with Jefferson, Klau & Erlanger's presentation of Palmer Cox's Brownies, a show that proved one of the most popular at the Grand last season. Young people talk about it yet. I am informed that the managers, realizing how great a success the show is, have engaged a better company than last season. The company is rehearsing daily this week at the Grand.

Manager O. B. Sheppard of the Grand Opera House says that he expects to give Toronto people a more than usually good list of attractions this season.

Not only will the opening performance for the season of Jefferson, Klau & Erlanger's Company of Brownies be given in Toronto, but Margaret Mather will "train" in Toronto for Cymbeline, which will open here for half a week.

Hendrick Hudson, that inimitable musical burlesque, will be put on at the Toronto Opera House next week, and with its fine spectacles and abundant fun will draw big houses.

Bessie Bonehill, in Little Monte Cristo, will be the attraction at the Toronto Opera House during the second week of the Fair, and out-of-town visitors will find the show a rattling good one.

Eddie Coombes, a well known Toronto newspaper man, is advance agent for Bessie Bonehill this year.

## SPORTING COMMENT

AS far as I can judge at this early date, the prospects of Toronto having a '97 championship Rugby football fifteen is very slim. "Varsity" will be weak in the back division, as Councils has left and there is no one who can fill his place acceptably. T. A. C., if reports are true, will lose several of the '96 team, whose places will be hard to refill, and Osgoode Hall is as yet an unknown quantity. One thing that will not strengthen the above teams is the fact that the Lorne and Toronto Lacrosse Club may both enter in the senior series of the Ontario Rugby Football Union. If this is done, we have little or no chance of regaining the championship "Varsity" lost to Ottawa College last fall. The O. R. F. U. should be very careful and fully consider the situation from every point of view before admitting any new clubs into the senior series. It is said Brockville also desires admission, but I hardly think they are strong enough to successfully cope with other clubs in the series. Last year two clubs at least, viz., Trinity and Royal Military College of Kingston, were hardly a match for the best intermediate teams; indeed, I am told that the Kingston Granites, last year's junior champions, defeated R. M. C. several times in practice games. It would decidedly be more in the interests of the game if the above clubs entered in the intermediate series only. The decline of Rugby at

are they going to get the balance of the team from? It is all very well to talk, as some of their admirers do, of developing new blood, but senior Rugby men are not trained in a day. There is barely sufficient material in Toronto to form three really good senior teams, and it is pure folly to talk of increasing the number. If the homes have a senior team, they will either have to play with a weak forward line, their back division being all right, or else obtain men who would otherwise have played with either Osgoode Hall or Toronto Athletic Club. At the end of last season the latter club had a good team, weak only at one point, viz.—full back, and it is unfortunate that the men could not be kept together. If reports are true Osgoode Hall will get the pick of the old team, viz., Gilmour and Male from the half-back line, and H. Kingstone and Osler from the wing. If these defalcations take place, T. A. C. will be sadly weakened. I hear Osgoode will also get three of the Lorne men, viz., Mills and Labatt from the wing and Duggan from the scrum. The change in the rules, removing the restriction preventing colleges playing outsiders will perhaps bear harder on T. A. C. than any other team in the O. R. F. U. Rugby men are very easily tempted by the old inducement of "having a place on the championship team" and it looks as if "Varsity" and Osgoode Hall are using this old familiar, sugar-coated phrase with considerable effect. It is within the memory of man, though, that certain players, in years past, have been sadly fooled in this self-same way. The old rule, under which outsiders were debarred from college teams, and the city clubs were restricted to the seven mile limit, was much more equitable. As I understand it, the change was made because of Osgoode Hall not being willing to be considered a college team, and claiming the privilege of playing other than law students; the other colleges of course had to be placed on the same footing. This means that "Varsity" and Queen's will go on playing their graduates, who, in the ordinary course of events, would have been recruits for city teams. It is extremely doubtful if the game will be benefited by the change. Of course, Ottawa College will not this year have the advantage over "Varsity" and Queen's in being able to play outsiders that they had last year, but this will only strengthen the above named teams at the expense of T. A. C. and the Granites, as I learn Queen's are going to draft several players from the latter. As the situation now stands we have in Toronto three senior teams, viz., "Varsity," Osgoode Hall and T. A. C. Why increase the number? I am not in favor of the Lorne amalgamating with T. A. C., as I believe it would throw a great number of young fellows out of the game, but if the Toronto Lacrosse Club and T. A. C. get together they should be able to put a strong fifteen on the field, capable in every respect to represent the city of Toronto in the O. R. F. U. for the series of 1897.

When W. Greatrix finished first in the Dunlop Trophy race at London last year everybody said that it was a pure piece of luck which enabled him to pass men who on the track are considered invincible, but the fact seems to be establishing itself that track riders are not necessarily of any account on the road. To look at the names on the Toronto team in the race of last Saturday at the Woodbine, and then at the comparatively unknown names of the Rambler's men one would hardly have taken any but the longest kind of odds on the latter. There were very few outside the Queen City Club who expected to see Greatrix finish first again this year, their belief in the noted track sprinter being too firm to be shaken. Greatrix is known to be hopelessly outclassed on the track by some of the men he has now twice beaten on the road.

As near as I can make out, everybody claims to have been riding at a terrific pace right behind Robinson when he fell, and they all ran over the Hamilton boy, thereby losing three or four minutes. As Robinson wasn't quite out to pieces it is likely that some of the thirty odd men who make this excuse ran over somebody else. A search party should be sent down the road for bodies. According to McEachren, Jack Robinson of the Hamilton Crescents, formerly of the Torontos, was riding a splendid race when he fell. He had jumped the bunch at the top of Auburn Hill. McEachren, Graves and Greatrix were plugging hard to catch him when McEachren fell with Graves on top of him. Greatrix caught Robinson who pulled him out for some distance before he fell, leaving him with a good lead on the whole field. This lead was never lessened and Greatrix finished a good half-mile ahead of the second man. A protest was lodged against him on the ground that he was paced by his brother. The brothers strenuously deny this, claiming that Chris rode behind Will. As there is no rule preventing a man on a racing wheel, and minus a coat, from tearing down a country road behind a racer merely for the good of his health the protest was not allowed.

In announcing the results through the megaphone it was given out by way of a pleasantry that the Hamilton team had "taken the road to Hamilton by mistake and had not yet been heard from." It is about time that the everlasting Hamilton "gag" was abandoned. The Crescents were the only visiting team in the race, and apart from that deserved credit for the race their men put up. Robinson it is conceded rode the best race of the crowd until his fall and severe injury put him out of it. McKeand also had a bad fall, but finished fifth, passing ten men after the turn. One of their best men, Barnes, was unable to ride from an accident on the Island track a couple of days previously. Harry West finished fifteenth and Ripley seventeenth. The Hamilton Crescents had a hard run of ill-luck and their performance under the circumstances was highly creditable. Therefore it seems to me the ringing in of the old "gag" was uncalled for and in rather bad taste.

I give a picture of the International Paddling



Tecumseh-Stouffville Lacrosse Match.  
Game played last Saturday afternoon at Hanlan's Point. German is just scoring a goal. Photo by Percy Warren, Palmerston Avenue.

Trophy to be competed for on Toronto Bay on September 4. It will be a double-blade mile race, and Mr. King of Cambridge, Mass., the present holder, will be here to defend the trophy against D. H. McDougall, E. McNicholl and G. W. Begg of the Toronto Canoe Club; Darcy Scott of Ottawa, winner of the A. C. A. paddling trophy; Warner of Detroit and others.

The Ontario vs. Quebec cricket match last Friday and Saturday opened with some very poor batting, Ontario being dismissed for 68 and Quebec for 49 in their first innings. In the second venture, however, there was better play, the Ontario batsmen especially, putting up a respectable total—195. In the second A. F. R. Martin made 35, F. W. Terry, 30; P. C. Goldingham, 26; Geo. S. Lyon, 23; A. G. Chambers, 19; Mossom Boyd, 19; and D. W. Saunders, 16. Quebec scored only 87 in the second innings, of which W. Phillips secured 26, W. R. Gilbert, 20; J. Hill, 11; and Hutchinson, 10. In the entire game the greatest number of runs was made by Mossom Boyd, who scored 26 in the first and 19 in the second innings. Mr. Terry made several very fine strokes on Friday afternoon, and put up his 30 in rapid style. Mr. Goldingham, who generally plays his very best game when partnered by the Clinton man, also cut and drove well, but considered in an all around sense, perhaps Mr. Martin played the best innings of the game. Messrs. Cooper and Counsell failed quite to come off, and contributed the only two ducks to the second innings. But these men are on the international eleven.

Mr. Terry watching it hit the boundary.

Mr. McGiverin delivering a twister.

Mr. Gilbert advancing with a round-arm.

Those interested in athletic sports will be pleased to hear that Mr. H. J. P. Good, who has been lying ill in the hospital for two or three weeks, is now recovering quickly. Mr. Good has long been recognized as one of the best writers on sporting topics in Canada, and has sacrificed a great deal for amateur sport.

The Garnets of Warton defeated Orangeville on Tuesday in a semi-final match by 6 goals to 2. These teams meet again in Orangeville on Tuesday next, and a fine game may be expected.

The Chicago Wanderers opened their Canadian cricket tour in Chatham on Tuesday. The home team scored 163 and the Chicago men had scored 42 for two wickets when rain put an end to the match. For Chatham, Richards made 53, Ireland 32 not out, and Atkinson 27. It will be observed that none of the Chatham men are on the international eleven this year, and I understand the reason is that Chatham does not belong to the Canadian Cricket Association. The Chatham club has always been a strong one. The Chicago Wanderers in their tour will play London, Hamilton, Rosedale, Toronto and Waterloo.

Charles E. Patterson, writing in the Illustrated American, extenuates the poor showing made by the Philadelphians in England, among other things saying that of the 165 cricketers encountered by the tourists 71 were professionals. He says:

We should consider the wealth of material from which the English teams have to draw. There are few high grade elevens in America, or indeed, comparatively speaking, elevens of any grade whatever; while there are literally thousands of good players in the counties in England. One of the teams, in writing home, says that in passing an immense public cricket ground in one of the cities that he visited he counted no fewer than forty matches in progress at one time as he drove along through the field. When we remember that the 94 amateurs out of the 165 cricketers who faced the Americans were selected from the swarm of high-grade players in every county in England, while the total available list from which to select the American team was under two hundred, we may well be satisfied with the showing of our representatives.

Golf links have been prepared near the Maplehurst Hotel, Lake Rosseau, Muskoka, and are, I am told, in good condition. A great many golfers are in Muskoka.

only spent the first week there. The club's representatives did particularly well this year, bringing back with them seventeen prizes: seven firsts, six seconds, and four thirds. Miss Pearsall was one of the most popular young ladies in camp and brought home three first prizes, winning in each event in which she entered. Her wins establish a record in the ladies races for the A.C.A. Mrs. Sparrow was only entered for the one race, in which she was first. In the principal paddling events the Toronto Canoe Club were well to the front, winning the single blade singles and tandem single blade. In the four in canoe single blade, the crew were handicapped by the boat, as they paddled in a 16-foot canoe, yet the finish was close. The international trophy race was a struggle all the way between Darcy Scott of Ottawa and Dug McDougall of the Toronto club, Scott winning by a small margin, McNicholl of Toronto and Lawless of Ottawa following in close order. McDougall and McNicholl of Toronto, and Stewart and Woolsey of Ottawa were chosen to represent the Northern Division (Canada) against the other divisions (United States) in a four's race, but no crew would race them.

Again the Toronto Lacrosse Club has been beaten, and again it has been beaten in the last ten minutes of play. Last Saturday in Ottawa the Torontos led the Capitals within ten minutes of the call of time, but the Capitals scored two goals and won the match. There is something wrong somewhere, and perhaps nothing but a post-mortem will reveal just what it is. Cornwall plays at Rosedale this afternoon.

To the Sporting Editor:

Sir.—With your permission I would like to say a few words re. Juxex's comments on the Toronto-Tecumseh match. To me it appears that the gentleman is much the same as many of those who report the matches for the city press, they wear blue glasses and cannot recognize the superiority of the player who does not wear the blue shirt.

Juxex evidently was in very close touch with the Torontos when he can inform us that the "Captain rebuked Patterson." He thinks the exhibition was the worst kind of lacrosse, still the Tecumseh played with "vim and dash." In fact, the team was so fast that the Torontos could in no part of the field cope with them, being outclassed at every point. After the fourth game those in the audience who left were largely those who had come to see a Toronto victory and left disappointed. Rough play and fighting was commenced by the Toronto players when they found themselves unable to keep up with the speedy Tecumsehs, but Referee McPherson soon put a stop to it, and no complaints were made in this respect in the latter games of the match.

After Civic Holiday match the blue-glassed gentlemen of the press gushed over the Torontos, and "finer lacrosse had never been seen." Had Torontos won from Tecumsehs these same gentlemen together with Juxex would likely have sung the same song. Juxex shows his wonderful knowledge of the game by objecting to the Toronto management practicing the team "home" against "defence." Perhaps it will surprise him to know that this method of practice is used by all first-class clubs in Canada.

The trouble with the Toronto team appears to be that the men are chosen on their past reputations, mostly old players with set ideas, and each man plays his own game without reference to the balance of the team, trusting to win as the committee and friends "chant over the names of the men."

The Tecumseh team are all young men, without previous experience on a senior team, and must train to a combination game of the most unselfish kind.

Patterson and Burns have been very disappointing to the Torontos, yet the fault is not with the men but with the management, who fail to see that the other players give a surplusage in the match team they would be considered great stars again.

September 4 will prove the correctness of my opinions, when Tecumseh will again defeat Toronto.

ONE WHO HAS SEEN A LACROSSE MATCH.



International Paddling Trophy  
To be competed for in a double-blade race,  
Toronto Bay, Sept. 4.

Trinity is much to be regretted, and I trust some revival may take place this season. A few years ago the rouge et noir had a fair team, but last year's was very mediocre. Then, as at the Lorne having senior representation; if they could put the same fifteen on the field that won the '95 intermediate championship, when Burnside, Flood, Hoskins, Morrison and Sanderson all sported the yellow and white, they might have a chance of getting through the first round, but at present the Lorne have not perhaps more than half a dozen men fit to play in the senior ranks. Where



## Swimming and Swimmers.

[The frequent drowning accidents along the Toronto waterfront prove that we, as a people, are not sufficiently at home in the water. A young man should be able to save his own life when upset in the water; he should be able to rescue a helpless person. Not content with supplying a constable to drag for the bodies of drowned persons, should not the city endeavor to prevent drownings? The Toronto Swimming Club is an athletic organization that, above all others, deserves the financial encouragement of the City Council. The Mayor of Toronto might wisely offer medals and diplomas for monthly swimming competitions, and so patronize the life-saving sport that swimming clubs would soon be in full swing in all parts of the city.—Editor.]



THE man who has no recollections of a favorite "swimming hole" is to be pitied. Dry-land people from their youth up will not enter into and appreciate this statement, although I have in mind just such a one who, upon a "wet" occasion, enthusiastically quoted from Childe Harold, "From a boy I wanted with thy breakers," as if he'd out-Byron Byron in intense love for old ocean. Nor will those who have heeded the dictum of the old nursery rhyme, whose refrain is "And don't go near the water," be expected to understand in a personal sense John J. Ingalls' delight at "The swinging surges pulsating above him," as he plunged into the "green darkness."

The various public events of the Toronto Swimming Club prove that great interest is taken in swimming, for large crowds attend weekly at the Island for the purpose of witnessing the events in the water. Last year, and this year too, the swimming championship of the city was made a leading feature of the I. A. A. programme. The shores of the "long pond" were lined with people of both sexes, all absorbed in seeing the quickest swimmer win the 100 yards race and the coveted honor.

To save life is the initial object of the Toronto Swimming Club, as it is of the clubs of the United Kingdom, over which H. R. H. the Duke of York presides. To this end various means are employed. For instance, plunging, which consists of a dive and no other movement (in still water), lying flat on the surface, face submerged, and staying there as long as possible. The plunge ceases as soon as the head is raised. It is known to all who have been much in or around the water that the natural buoyancy of the body will only suffice to keep one-third of the body above water, and that it takes properly directed motion to keep the other two-thirds

bath with his left hand, reaches around to the left with his right hand, bunches his limbs all up into a sort of ball, turns rapidly, ducks his head, and gives a powerful kick with both legs and extends both arms and starts to swim as soon as speed slackens."

The members of the Club practice in old clothes at times; indulge in fancy diving, trick and fancy swimming; find bottom in deep water, where they "see lidless-eyed monsters leering past;" practice various kinds of strokes, such as English racing-stroke (single overarm), Trudgeon stroke, Indian stroke, breast stroke, side stroke, back stroke, life-saving stroke (a sort of quick, unfinished kick), relief strokes and methods; floating with hands on back or

West of Scotland; Mr. Sutton has no fewer than seventy-odd English medals, and Mr. Firth is now 100 yards champion of Toronto. A line, too, may not be misplaced in saying a kindly word of Captain Kenneth Simpson, who won the mile race this year on a very stormy day. In the illustration he is shown about 100 yards from the winning line, with his father in the canoe beside him. He is noted for his breast stroke, and is a swimmer of whom more will be heard.

In life-saving practice the Club follows the Sylvester method, which may briefly be described as follows: When respiration is to be artificially restored the subject is laid upon his back, the chest being elevated by placing the



Toronto Swimming Club—Rear of the Camp, Turner's Baths, Toronto Island.

breast; diving for twelve plates in a twenty-four feet ring (approximately); upsetting boat and allowing it to float bottom upwards, so as to contain air space. (It is told me that some members of the Club have this down so fine that two or three men can swim underneath it and come up and talk in the bottom—now top-of the boat for two or three minutes). Racing of various sorts is indulged in, and so effective has been the practice of members that they hold the trophies of almost every competition they have entered for the past two years. Last year Mr. Mr. Wilkinson won the city championship, 100 yards without turn, in 73 seconds. Firth this year, at the I. A. A. sports on Saturday, carried off the prize in about the same time, with President Goode and C. Norris a tie for

most convenient thing at hand under the shoulders. The hands of the life-saver are placed upon the chest of the subject and pressed downward with a steady and regular force. It is recommended also that the weight of the operator be thrown upon the hands by a forward movement of the body. One of the illustrations shows the classes of the Club at practice in this movement. Rescuing drill, which includes best methods of escaping the "death clutch" of the drowning, is likewise a part of the Club's regular programme. It may perhaps be of interest to the public to know that the methods of teaching and practice of the Club are very effective. For instance, a week before the annual tournament the young lad who was the worst swimmer in the Club so improved by tuition and practice during the week that he won the third place in the 100 yards handicap in a big field. The Toronto Swimming Club is doing good work.

Toronto, August, '97. W. J. WATSON.

## A Tragedy on Bail.

ONE of the strange things that we are perpetually discovering is the way an event will change the atmosphere of a place. No matter how often we experience it, the transformation when it comes, as it always will come suddenly, is as startling and absorbing as if we had only for the first time been made aware of its possibility. The same blue sky that laughed at dawn may glow with an awful, intangible horror at noon, and we are continually drawing the attention of others to this as if they had never experienced the thing for themselves, forgetting that they may have hated the stars for being cold and unfeeling before we were born, and had not been raptured some distant yesterday by that music of the earth, audible only to those who are happy.

There was once a young woman who thought that she had had a somewhat exceptional experience of the transforming power of a tragedy, and this is the way that she told the story, apparently sure that she was relating something quite new and very wonderful. So I lost nothing from any lack of emphasis on her part.

She went to bed one night, very well and very happy, in a place of which she was extremely fond, although it was not her home. She was rather an innocent and not too clever maiden, and as she lay in her white bed in the early morning, with her little nose pointing at the ceiling, which slanted away steeply on one side, as ceilings frequently do in the country, I have no doubt at all that she was having a very fine time. Indeed, she mentioned that she was in the middle of a lovely sleep when all at once a terrible dream seized her, and when she awoke, as she must have done instantly, she found herself running frantically down the hall that led past her room to the other end of the house. In her dream she thought that she had heard the voice of one of her own people calling the name of one who had been long dead, with an excess of anguish that meant that life was no longer supportable in that intolerable absence, and the girl was

she had no longer any personal fear, for she had just seen her own world safely bosomed in the hold of sleep, she hastened with an unhappy, sick feeling of dread to the window, fearing to see she knew not what in the greater world outside.

It was scarcely five o'clock, but the sun was already an astonishing distance above the horizon and sparkled on the wide sea with a brightness that decency would have dimmed when such a cry was going out upon it. She could see nothing wrong; everything was impossibly bright and busy, and exactly as she had seen it morning by morning for a month. But as she stood there the cry rose again, and then she saw the dark figure of a man on the beach, throwing up his arms to the sky and then bending towards the earth as if between these two inexorable forces he was held in torment and could not escape. She watched him for a moment, shivering by the window and listening for that dreadful cry as it rose and fell on the wind. It seemed to be one word repeated, but she could not tell what it was. Then a man whom she knew passed her window, pulling on his coat as he ran, and she shouted to him shrilly without any feeling of shame. What was the matter with the poor man? And when she understood that he did not know she called to him again to find out quickly, and if there were anything that she could do to let her know.

It seemed an eternity before he returned after having spoken with the man, who barely paused in his wild, uneven course along a short strip of the shore and back again, to answer him. It turned out that he was a Frenchman who had been out overnight fishing with his little boy, a lad of twelve. There had been a surf, as they remembered now, and the girl thought with a feeling of guilt that she had listened comfortably to the roar of the waves without pausing to consider that they might harm anyone. But there had been a surf, and it had been hard to get the boat out. The man himself had taken the stern and the boy had been at the side of the boat near the bow. At first he had not missed him, but when he looked he was gone. It was his name that he had been calling. The girl could make it out now quite plainly, "Johnny, Johnny." It had seemed at first like the howl of some hag-ridden animal.

She was horrified at the inaction of the man whom she knew; he had returned so quickly, and now stood buttoning his coat thoughtfully as if there were nothing to be done. When she spoke to him he said there was nothing, it had happened about ten o'clock the night before. When the tide came in perhaps—there was a current inshore near where the father was; that was what he was waiting for. The girl put out her hand shudderingly to let him know that she understood. But if the man had been going up and down the shore like that all night how tired he must be, and how hungry! He would die if he didn't get something to eat. No, he had been sleeping in his boat part of the time. The girl did not tell me how astonished she was to hear this, but I knew what she thought about it. To howl like that and go to sleep, then to wake and go on howling.

The man to whom the girl spoke from her window was very willing to take some bread and meat down to the shore, but didn't think he could say anything comforting to the man, although the girl suggested that he should do so. The man on the shore was French and needed a priest. He wouldn't understand anything that this man could say to him.

So the girl sat at the window, sick and helpless, and watched the struggling figure of the man on the shore. Sometimes he would throw himself upon the sand and grovel there, only to rise again with that dreadful cry as if he would call Johnny back from the wandering sea.

Up to this point in her story the girl had told it with considerable dramatic force and steadiness of purpose. But now she began to betray a slight inconsequence and an uneasy, inartistic feeling of some break in the narrative that I could not help resenting with a little disappointment. But she was young and not clever, certainly to be forgiven much in consequence.

Presently the rest of the world rose from sleep and had to eat their customary breakfast, which was as heartless as everything else. Someone took the man away for a while, but he escaped and went further down the beach to his friends, the fishermen, who were coming in with laden boats and knew nothing of it.

When the girl went for her morning walk with the usual company of people they forsook the shore and followed the road instead. Finally they found their way by a gate into a green field, where there was a wild rose-tree in an ecstasy of bloom. But even the pink blossoms, so dear and tender, were astonishing and heartless. Where was the gayety that had danced along the meadows? Where was the balm that had fallen from the skies? Vanished, forgotten, and in their place a brooding menace in the heart of the brightness, a mysterious, implacable fate that threatened from the sea.

Then a doubt grew in the air floating down from some unknown distance, and Alphonse was gathered hastily from the field and despatched, via Billy, a cumbersome farm animal, to break the news to Johnny's mother if he must, but first to see what he could see and hear what he could hear.

Alphonse returned with a dark, inscrutable French face, but was intercepted by the girl at the gate of the green field and the rose-tree. He guessed Johnny all right, did Alphonse; in fact, after minute questioning it appeared that Alphonse had met Johnny on the road and had driven him to school, but had wisely said nothing to disturb Johnny on the subject of drowning. Johnny, it seemed, had spent the night under the shelter of his mother's wing in his little bed at home.

And the perfidious French fisherman—he had been drinking. That was sufficient explanation of the whole occurrence to the neighborhood who knew him. But the girl said, remembering that cry: "And didn't he really think that Johnny was drowned?" Of course he did. It was evident that the girl did not understand, so a sturdy old land-owner who had been down in the fulness of his heart to wrestle with Johnny's father, led her aside and explained that if she were to take a tin cup, fill it with gin and place it on the back of the stove to heat considerably, she might have some idea of the breath of the bereaved parent at that moment. Then the company, with

their emotions shattered into minute particles, hoped that the horrors would do Johnny's father good.

Then the sky and the sea trembled and changed. The poppies, flaunting bravely in the garden, were no longer hardened criminals steeped in too searching a dye, and the musician of the day, with a boldness that was almost petrifying, proceeded to conduct the same symphony with variations suitable to the occasion. RHEE.

## A Ballad of Bonanza Creek.

WHEN Clarence Lane (a gentleman of birth and cleric collars) [ma Was asked by Miss DeBelle's mam- For his worth in yearly dollars, He learned that though he burned with a That was feverish to fidgets, [love His yearnings would avail him naught Till his earnings reached four digits.

Then spake this Lane: "To slave for gain Belits not my degree, But ho! for the land of the yellow sand Where the glittering gold goes free! Let Jenkins grin as a beastly clerk As long as Jenkins will, I'm off to seek Bonanza Creek And the gold that wins my Lil."

He sank his all in "potted" horse And "desiccated" kittens, In furry coats and folding boots, In moccasins and mittens; Then bade farewell to Miss DeBelle, Whose grief was such at parting, That Jenkins, calling later, found Her eyes still smeared and smarting.

The railroad train bore Clarence Lane As far as it could go; He finished the trip in a cattle ship That landed at Juneau. From Dyea, through the Chilcoot pass, He scrambled some two miles, Then a blizzard blew, as blizzards do, In several different styles.

It buried him three feet in snow On the top of his two sledges, Froze ears and nose, thumbs, fingers, toes, And such like ends and edges; And when his "packers" brought him back To Dyea and his senses, They kept his money and his goods For their incident expenses.

He lost both ears, his only nose, His Lil and seven fingers. (She married Jenkins when she heard), At Dyea, Clarence lingers. He has a mint of wisdom now, But money?—not a dime, For you can't sell wisdom in the rough And he has no ears for rhyme.

Toronto, August, '97. O'H.

## The Industrial Exhibition.

THE Torontonian who is out of town has to be very guarded in his speech for the annual exhibition is upon us and the country cousin has turned his longing eyes towards Toronto. The least remark dropped

by a *pater familias* is seized upon and tormented into an invitation, and many a Torontonian has returned home little thinking that the country relatives whom he had just left have decided to descend upon him because at parting he unthinkingly said, "See you again at Exhibition time." Let the city man but mention the word Exhibition in the country and watch the result. Faces will brighten up, eyes will look eager and alert, while the general atmosphere becomes charged with a sense of favors to come. But city people should welcome country visitors at Fair time because they make the Fair great, and, moreover, they always welcome city visitors on the farm. To the man from the country the Toronto Industrial Exhibition is a bigger event than to the city man, and much of the success attendant upon the Industrial Exhibition is due to the greater sense of its value to the country felt by the former. Torontonians are liable to laugh at the eagerness which people from other parts of the country exhibit towards the Fair, forgetting that but for that same eagerness the Toronto Industrial Exhibition would have never been anything but a local institution like Woodbridge Fair, with perhaps less reputation. The sympathy and support which the Fair has always obtained from the country have helped in large measure to bring it to what it is, have enabled those who have it in hand to do their duty with success, have brought about the expansion which has made it international. This year's exhibition has much to attract our attention beyond other previous ones both in the scope of the Exhibition which has been enlarged; the number of the exhibits, which has been increased; the magnitude and number of the entertainment features, some of which are more than usually appropriate. The preparation being made at the Exhibition grounds, and those made by the railways all indicate another successful Exhibition. All that is now required is fine weather.

The difference between country and city people has been well described thus: A farmer and his family will welcome a visitor, take him home, give him the best room and the cream of everything the country produces, but he hates to spend money on him; the city man, on the other hand, will do anything possible for a visitor, save and except take him home—he will spend money on him, hire cabs, buy theater tickets, he would almost rather pay his hotel bill than take him home. And the reason of this difference probably is, that the farmer has no money to waste, and the city man has no house-room to spare.

## A Regretted Loss.

An old Scotchman, who had been a long time in the colonies, paid a visit to his "native glen" and, meeting an old schoolmate, they sat down to have a chat about old times and acquaintances. In the course of the conversation the stranger happened to ask about a certain Geordie McKay. "He's dead long ago," said his friend, "an' I'll never cease regrettin' him as long as I live." "Dear me! Had you such a respect for him as that?" "Na, na; it was na' on'y respect I had for him; but I married his widow."



Toronto Swimming Club—The Life Saving Drill.

afloat. Practice in plunging enables this tendency to be overcome to some extent, the difficult part being to keep the feet from sinking. A great deal can be done by practice in this line, as witness the feat of Allison of the Otter Swimming Club of London, Eng., who made a clean plunge of 84 feet 8 inches. To accomplish this, the dive, necessarily, must be shallow and clean.

Under-water records are discouraged by the local club, which in this respect but follows the distinguished lead of the England and Scotland Amateur Swimming Association, which will not on any account allow competition for under-water records, as the practice often results fatally.

One day I asked President A. C. Goode if so long continuance in the water, indulged in principally by the camping members of the club, did



K. Simpson, nearing the end of the mile swim, winning the Captains' and mile championship.

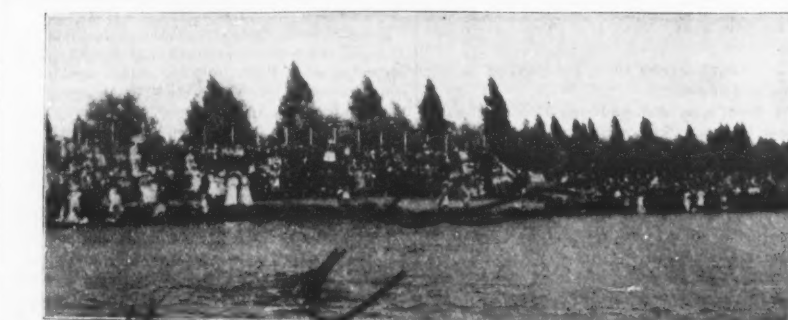
not weaken them. He replied: "It is an old-fashioned notion that the water weakens you. The fact is that the alleged weakening is entirely due to muscular exertion. In swimming the exercise is unwonted and unusual, and brings into play new sets of muscles, which soon become inured thereto by constant and continual practice." Mr. Goode is very enthusiastic, and one day he told me how an experienced swimmer, although maybe not so fast naturally as the comparatively inexperienced novice, bested the latter in swimming in a tank. "Suppose," said he, "a man swims on his left side. He touches the end of the

second place. Although there were originally twelve entries, only one gentleman outside of the Club membership faced the music.

The captaincy this year was won by K. Simpson, who distanced all competitors in the mile race.

The energetic president and officers are constantly devising new methods and plans to incite "the boys" to honest emulation. For instance, as soon as a member can swim 100 yards in 100 seconds he is given a white star, with the privilege of wearing it on his swimming costume; for 90 seconds 2 stars, and for 85 seconds 3 stars. In every event finished by any member one point is given; for finishing second two points, for a first three points; and in events in which the entries are more than twelve, four points are given the doughty member. At the end of the season a cup worth \$5 is given to the member having the greatest number of points. Every week, also, a silver medal is given to the winner of the weekly 100 yards handicap.

"The Toronto Swimming Club was organized on June 21, 1894, with a membership of 15. Not half of the members could swim. In 1895 they organized a summer camp at the Island, first near Turner's baths, with 25 members. An increase of ten was made by the 1896 camp, and this year the club has



President A. C. Goode in the water—Island Amateur Athletic meet last Saturday afternoon.

51 members, and still increasing. The Club has been very fortunate in its members. In addition to President Goode, who thinks in swimming, it has had the invaluable services of Mr. Arthur Cochrane as instructor, Messrs. M. B. Wilkinson, A. Firth, W. Sutton, James Lightbody, and other noted English and Scotch swimmers as members. Mr. Wilkinson was a member of the Ealing, London, Club, and a winner in the life-saving competition; Mr. Lightbody is the champion swimmer of the

rushing down the hall to see if this relative of hers had indeed gone away to follow the other on the long road upon whose hidden windings he was now so far advanced. But the friend she sought lay quietly sleeping, and she turned to go back to her own room, her heart almost bursting with the glad relief, when a cry so loud and so terrible that her flesh turned chill at the sound, came waiving in at every window of the house. She knew at once that this must have been what had wakened her, and although



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#### Anecdotal.

A Frenchman was convicted of killing his mother-in-law. When asked if he had anything to say for himself before taking sentence, he said: "Nothing, excepting I lived with her twenty-one years and never did it before."

A man in South Africa left his property to be equally divided between two sons. Not being able to agree, they decided to let President Kruger arbitrate. He said to the elder, "You are the elder, are you not?" "Yes," was the answer. "So you shall divide the property." This pleased the elder immensely. "You are the younger," continued Kruger to the other, "so you shall have the first choice."

Soon after Dr. Temple was appointed Bishop of London he was visited by a curate whose manners and services had not commended him to his ecclesiastical superiors, and who thought that his time had now come to make a decided push for a "living." "Well, my lord," said the curate, "now that it's raining livings, what are you going to give me?" "I can lend you an umbrella," said the Bishop coolly.

Under the crest of the Kirkpatricks of Closeburn—a now extinct family—was this motto: "I mak sicher." They came by the motto as follows: "Roger Kirkpatrick met Robert Bruce hurrying from the church in which he had stabbed Comyn. 'I doubt,' said Bruce, 'that I have slain him.' 'Do you doubt?' exclaimed Kirkpatrick. 'I'll mak sicher' (I'll make sure); and entering the sanctuary, he gave Comyn the coup de grace."

The child is father to the man. Daniel Webster and his brother were in boyhood once permitted to go together to a fair in a neighboring town. When they came home the mother questioned the boys. "Daniel," she said, "what have you done with your money?" "Spent it," he answered. Then she turned to the brother. "Ezekiel," she asked, "what have you done with your money?" "Lent it to Daniel," replied the brother. They both became lawyers, and naturally Daniel succeeded better than the other.

The late Dr. Wilberforce, Bishop of Winchester, when on a visit at a dual seat, was persuaded to join a shooting party. His grace's head keeper was a Scotchman and a Presbyterian, and the bishop tried to engage him in a friendly chat, but, finding the keeper's replies were short and reserved, he said: "I suppose, Grant, you think a bishop ought not to go out shooting?" "Weel, my lord," said the Scot frankly, "I doubt ye'll find no warrant for it in the Scripture. Did ye ever read of the apostles going out shooting?" "No! true," replied the bishop; "they had no game in Palestine in those days—they went out fishing instead."

The dirt of the Afghans is proverbial. In the Afghan war Lord Roberts captured an especially filthy soldier and ordered that for the safety of the camp he be washed. Two genuine Tommy Atkins were told off for this purpose. They stripped the prisoner and scrubbed at him for two hours with formidable brushes and a large quantity of soft-soap. Then they threw down their brushes in disgust and went to their captain. "What is it, men?" "Well, sir," they replied somewhat excitedly, "we've washed that ere Afghan chap for two hours, but it wern't any good. After scrubbing him, sir, till our arms were like to break, blent if we didn't come upon another suit of clothes!"

A young man once fell deeply in love with a red-cheeked lass who worked in the same mill, but though she was the subject of his nightly dreams and daily thoughts, he was so bashful that he could not, or dared not, offer her his hand. At last, driven to desperation, he put up the banns of marriage at the village church. On the following morning the unwooed bride-elect went to the young man and demanded an explanation. Thus cornered, he confessed the truth, adding: "If tha will not ha' me, I can gi' back-word." "Whod did ta pay?" asked the practical girl. "Four-an'-sixpence." "Well, tha can't get it back, and it's no use losin' four-an'-sixpence; but tha knows tha'll ha' to come a-coartin' all t' same." And he did.

The Rochester Post-Express tells a story of an old colored coachman who, as a slave, had

attended his master's church, the Episcopal, for thirty years. After the war the master gave up his carriage, and the coachman shifted for himself. Taking advantage of his freedom, he began visiting various churches, and finally made a new connection. Meeting his old master one day, he admitted, with some embarrassment, that he had "done changed" and "jined de Mefodis." He said he "liked 'em bettah," and when pinned down told why: "Well, I'll tell you, mārster; you know when you goes to a Mefodis' church, jes' as soon as you gits inside dey settle right down to business, a preachin' of de Gorspul, whilst in de 'Piskerpul church it takes 'em too long to read de percedin' o' de las' meetin'!"

#### Between You and Me.

FOR some weeks I have had the opportunity of studying the vagaries of the little boy, and alternately adoring and cursing him. The little boy is an ardent lover, a wily diplomat, a bully, a blessing and an endless source of fun and interest. His mind is like a butterfly, so flighty and inconsequent; his heart is like a stone or melting into honey as the blast of his fancy changes from impressive indifference to devotion. He says his prayers while he fumbles into his little garments, and kicks up his heels for an Amen. He prefers to dress and undress in various apartments, and he hangs up his pathetic little battered blue cap in my waste-paper basket. He whistles and sings as long as he can stay awake, and when Nature's sweet restorer enslaves his eyelids and binds them down, he is apt to dream so hard that he bursts into incoherent conversation and one catches wild utterances, intermingled with threats, and now and then a strange name, sometimes, alas! of the female persuasion, for the little boy has his amours and has already been twice disciplined at school for kissing the small girls, who resented and reported the assault, and battered him in addition.

The little boy has queer lapses of memory just when to remember is the one thing needful, and his explanatory, "Oh, I forgot," seems to him the cloak for ever so heinous a sin of omission. There are things, however, which he cannot forget—a promise of a treat, a deferred story, or an opinion which one has unwarily flashed out in a momentary irritation against someone. The little boy's senses are as unreliable as his memory. Sometimes he can't hear, no matter how loudly one shouts, nor see things lying under his nose, nor speak up to some grandee when but a moment before he was talking one's head off. He is apt to go to the verisopex exhibition of the Carson City prize fight, and on his return to be inspired with an impulse to illustrate the rush of the pugilist just as you have unwarily confided in his keeping the soup-tureen full of scalding liquid. And he comes prancing at you, and the soup blurs out in a jet over your nice frock, and the little boy collapses worse than Corbett, murmuring bad words to the soup and sucking a scalded thumb.

The little boy keeps a diary and puts in it everything you would rather he forgot, while he carefully omits the wise precepts you have laid upon him. He begins his reference to small girls by mentioning their full names, then shortens them to nicknames, then gradually drops all girls but one, the maiden of his dreams, who is indicated by an initial in the subsequent pages of the diary. He has unlimited capacity for outings, being just as ready to go a hundred miles as one, and starting hungry sooner than not start an hour ahead of time. He bundles the lunch you give him into his pocket, sits on it uncomfortably for hours, and you find it a measly-looking pancake when you pick up his coat off the floor at night. The little boy may be handsome—fortunately he is so in my experience—but were he speckled like a sparrow's egg, and cock-nosed and tow-headed, you would love him just as much, or more, for isn't he that dearest of things, a little boy?

The other day fate landed me in a small town of Western New York, so close to big towns that its primeval innocence was a delightful surprise—a little verdant spot among the hills, with shady streets and electric lights in the houses, for the modern force was in full swing in the town. Sunday was a quiet dream in the little tree-bowered, hill-circled place, but then so were Monday and other days. Happening into the quaint little hostelry, whose reception-room was fusty and its wide veranda flooded with harvest moon-light, I was persuaded that I was hungry, and a raid was made upon the dining-room. There an aggrieved-looking maiden in stiff skirts declined to light up a festive fire and boil a superfluous tea-kettle. She banded down a series of plates loaded with square chunks of cheese, ham, butter and bread, a glass of water, then she relented and discovered some milk, which she told me with frank unconcern had been "left over" from tea and forgotten. I was reduced to such submission that I ate cheese freely and much bread and butter. Then having been warned by her impatient looks that in some way I was a dilatory nuisance, I scuttled out with glad celerity and went for a stroll down the quiet street to "hear all about it" from a friend bursting with news. Before long we came back and I mounted the steps, found the veranda deserted and every window shuttered, as if the glory of the night were a crime and its scented rare air a peril. The door being also tightly locked, I rapped for admission, while the notion of being locked out at such time in early evening made me laugh with mingled annoyance and fun. No answer came to raps, and no bell was to be found, so after waiting for some time I went down street to a telegraph office and enquired how I might prevail upon my hosts to open their portals and let me in. I was consoled with by a sympathetic clerk, who explained that when "the old man" was tired or bored he went to bed; before he went he always locked up everything, including the front door, of which he kept the key, and that he absolutely declined to reopen that door until morning. Things began to look blue for a sight of the epic and span little chamber where I had ensconced myself on my arrival, but seeing my distress, the clerk said he guessed he could fix

it; that the girl had a beau and was wont, after the old man had made all secure, to reopen the kitchen door, lock herself out, and moon with said beau upon the doorstep. Evidently did I pray that she was even then mooning, or even villifying the late supper which had evidently interfered with her evening's enjoyment. Marshalled by the clerk, I stumbled through a back gate, an arbor, a dog-kennel and several beds of "garden-sass," and came upon the back stoop, and the girl, with her starched muslin skirt carefully turned up over a much-embroidered petticoat, and her waist encircled by the arm of a very handsome fellow who sat on the doorstep beside her. It was unnecessary to say anything, so we all laughed (discreetly, for fear of the "old man"), and the clerk disappeared, while the girl, holding me by the hand, guided me through dark rooms and upstairs to my little bower. And it was nearly eleven o'clock! LADY GAY.

#### A Peculiar Case.

THE Seventh Day Adventists have been getting into court again at Chatham, but on this occasion appear to have carried the day after some peculiar court proceedings. The case is reported in the Chatham Planet:

Before Squire Simpson, at Tupperville, Henry Bell, Seventh Day Adventist, was charged by Constable Charters with violating the Lord's Day Act by working at his ordinary calling, that of farming, on Sunday, July 25, and upon other Sundays. As the case involved Adventist principles, Elder P. M. Howe of Chatham appeared to defend Bell.

The chief witness was a neighbor named McKay. The latter had seen Bell, he said, working with a horse in a field on July 25, but could not say what he was working at. This field was not exposed to public view.

"What were you doing back there, that you saw Mr. Bell?" enquired Mr. Howe.

"Salting my sheep."

"Was that a work of necessity?"

"Witness thought it was, but said he usually salted his sheep other times on week days."

Some other unimportant testimony was given, but none of the witnesses could specify any date other than July 25.

Mr. Howe set up that no case had been made out. All the evidence was that Bell had been seen in a field with a horse. The magistrate thought the evidence sufficient to convict, however, and said he would impose a fine of \$5 and costs, or, in default, fifteen days in jail.

Subsequently Mr. Howe served notice of appeal, and in reply was somewhat surprised to hear that the magistrate had reconsidered the decision and dismissed the charge without costs.

#### Her Faultless Taste.

Bazar.  
 "Here are a few letters I wish you would mail for me, dear," said Mrs. Tenspot to her husband, who was preparing to go out.

As Mr. Tenspot took them he glanced at the stamps and asked:

"My dear, why did you put 15-cent stamps on these letters? Two-cent stamps would have carried them."

"I know it," replied Mrs. Tenspot, "but how would a red stamp look on envelopes of that lovely shade? This new stationery is of an exquisite color, and I could not think of spoiling its effect with stamps which did not harmonize. These purple 15-cent stamps are the nearest match the postoffice keeps."

#### Fairly Fresh.

Brooklyn Life.  
 May (from the hotel)—So you're staying at a farm house? Everything fresh and all that, I suppose?

Maude—Oh, yes, indeed! Why, after he got through milking last night the farmer's son came around and proposed to me!

#### A Charming Nephew.

Ti-Bits.  
 Extract from a letter written from college: "I am much rejoiced, dearest uncle, that you



Return? Phwat for 'ud Oi be wantin' a return tickut when Oi'm here already?—Punch.

are coming to visit me next Monday. I will be at the station to meet the train. As we haven't seen each other for a long time, that I may easily recognize you, hold a £10 note in your right hand."

#### Always With Him.

Denver Post.  
 A Memphis girl has just married a man named Iva Jagg. How she must have loved him.

#### Obedient Her.

Life.  
 Mistress—Bridget, did you put the codfish to soak?  
 Bridget—Sure an' I did, marm. Here is the ticket.

Mrs. Cumso—Your husband dresses very quietly. Mrs. Cawker—Does he? You ought to hear him when he can't find his collars, or his cuff-buttons become mislaid.—Bazar.

#### Correspondence Coupon.

The above Coupon must accompany every graphological study sent in. The Editor requests correspondents to observe the following Rules: 1. Graphological studies must consist of at least six lines of original matter, including several capital letters. 2. Letters will be answered in their order, unless under unusual circumstances. Correspondents need not face up their own and the Editor's time by writing reminders and requests for haste. 3. Quotations, scraps or postal cards are not studied. 4. Please address Correspondence Column. Enclosures unless accompanied by coupons are not studied.

ZAL—You'd be sharp enough in business, for your writing shows fine capacity that way. I think you have considerable refinement and not a very great stock of patience. You are adaptable and rather reliable in judgment, have some liking for "men folks," and a very practical and sensible tone altogether.

MOLLY—All the men wear evening dress at an evening wedding. The ladies may wear full evening dress; certainly they won't look nice in hats. Very décolleté dresses are not nice for the church ceremony, but a tiny corset or wrap might be worn to shroud the bare shoulders. I hope your answer is in time; delineation in its proper order.

ENEE—You are adaptable, plausible and rather tactful. Sympathy and sentiment are strong in you. Love of beauty and order, hope and some tendency to undue candor and confidence are shown. An honest nature believing generally in his fellowmen. No, I was not celebrating this year. Other fish to fry; mean, little catfish and suckers, maybe. So glad you like our paper, and thanks for your kind words.

TICHARE—That is as near as I can come to your signature. It might be several things. Illegible writing is frequently a confession of diplomacy and mistrust, tendency to conceal one's thoughts and convey vague impressions. 2. Your writing shows a refined and sensitive nature, apt to judge sharply and impulsively to extremes. Quick, firm decision, facility of expression, some sentiment and decided talent are shown.

JAKE—You are bright, impetuous, inclined to be flippant, but have a good deal of force and splendid self-reliance. I think you are rather artificial in some respects. You can stick to a purpose and achieve success. Lack of poise and repose disturb your development, but you are original, clever and far removed from the ordinary. Your judgment needs a good deal of revising. You have a lovely sense of humor and should be a charming woman.

SUNBURST—1. Leaving the city in ten days, and all that time ago! Perhaps you've got back. I am sorry; I've just opened your study, but it wouldn't have made any difference. Everybody must take their turn here. 2. Your writing reveals a fine and noble nature, averse to anything petty or mean, and very attractive generally. It is the writing of a refined and cultured person, conservative and slightly inclined to be erratic, of decided feeling and strong affections. This woman would never be a diplomat, but would also never be a nonentity.

POLLY—Oh, you dear rustic maiden; your little letter was just a whiff of clover and sweet marjoram from some rural paradise. I can just see Bluevale and all you tell about it. Will you succeed in business? I should say that the first business venture you made, some shark would gobble you up. You're so tender and young. In what would you succeed best? I am sorely tempted to wish I were a young fellow in want of a dear little wife and housekeeper. I'd set you up in business, Polly! Does your writing

show originality? Not so much as many other nice things. You are generous and sweet-natured, affectionate and careful, observant, have excellent memory and discreet and rather cautious nature. I am sure, when time gets his good work in on you, you will be a perfect dear. Hurrah for the Bluevale cheese, anyway!

CORONA—Your birth was governed by the sign of the zodiac known as Gemini, the twins; the mind divided against itself very often—Castor and Pollux at enmity. Your early training was a crucifixion. Listen what a learned man says of the Gemini folks: "They have a dual nature in active operation, not always agreed upon their destination, fond of art and science, great readers and talkers, sometimes timid about forming opinions on matters of faith; the contradictoriness of their natures causes a state of nervousness hard to overcome. Natural complainers, very restless, crave knowledge and dislike methods. The people who most deceive themselves, given to regrets, sometimes jealous." If you will read over your delineation you will see that I knew you were born under this sign. I am deeply interested in you because I always love the Gemini people. You can write to Mrs. Eleanor Kirk, 606 Greene avenue, Brooklyn, and get a book about the zodiac, which will enlighten you. Write to me whenever you feel inclined.

## Children's Shoes



reduced, and to please, with a high grade shoe.

This chance is for you, as we must make room for our fall goods now arriving. These are all American shoes, of all kinds and colors, and they are yours less 25 per cent.



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We have for sale stock in all the working mines in the district, viz.: Le Roi, War Eagle, Iron Mask, Josie, Jumbo, St. Elmo, Virginia, Crown Point, Monte Christo, Cariboo, Monarch, MAYFLOWER, &c. Prospectus of the latter and printed information about other mines will be sent on application. The stocks we sell are the BEST in the market, and are only those of developed properties. Address, E. L. SAWYER & CO., Canada Life Building, Toronto.



## Studio and Gallery

Mr. G. C. Downes, secretary of the Ontario Art School, has placed in the printer's hands the course of study of the School for the winter season. A few changes are noticeable in the management as well as in the arrangement of classes. The advisory committee is dispensed with, and the names of Messrs. F. MacGillivray Knowles, O.S.A., and S. G. Curry added to the board of directors. The staff of teachers is the same as last year. The School opens on September 27. Classes meet daily; also in the evening for those whose engagements render their attendance in the day-time impossible. The subjects studied are of a most practical nature indeed, and this is particularly emphasized by the fact that many graduates of this school fill desirable positions and execute work much appreciated and of practical value. For the third year in succession the gold medal for the advanced course has been awarded to a student of this school, also the silver medal for industrial design, and bronze medals for drawing from life, painting in oil, lithography and wood-carving. Certificates, the allowance for which increased the Government grant of \$400 by \$80, were also given this year. A sentence or two I copy *verbatim* from the printed report. Perhaps they may be a word to the wise: "More especially felt is the need of some new casts for the antique classes; those we have, have been in use for a number of years and need sadly to be replaced. It is therefore of the greatest importance that new and generous subscriptions should be made to the School by all who desire to promote the culture of art in the city of Toronto."

There seems to be an impression in the minds of some that the Art Gallery at the Exhibition will contain pictures which have been before the public at some time previous. It is neither the intention nor the desire of the committee to admit any such if possible. It is not permissible to remove for a year any of the collection at present on view in the Normal School, as some have seemed to suppose, so that the display at the Exhibition promises to be of particular interest.

Mr. Holmes, art master in Upper Canada College and president of the Students' Art League, is spending a few weeks in Quebec. He expects to meet there a number of non-resident members of the League from New York, and also a few of the Toronto members, this week. They expect to spend a short while together in the study of some of the many interesting scenes with which that old historical city abounds.

Amongst the names deservedly prominent in

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From 3 cents per tube.  
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From 5 cents each—to close out.  
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CANVAS, COLORS, PAPERS, INKS  
AND EVERY REQUIREMENT FOR THE  
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Our reputation has been built up on the quality of our work, as letters received by us will show. We shall publish them from week to week. Watch this column.

A lady high in social circles in Kingston writes us:

DEAR SIR—  
Miss picture arrived safely on Saturday. I can hardly tell you how much pleased we are with it. Mr. — particularly, thinks it the best and highest art production he has ever seen. It will give us much pleasure to show it to our friends; in fact, to anyone. We have already had a great many calls to see it, and all have given it unstinted praise. I hope, on your return to Kingston, to have the pleasure of thanking you personally, and assuring you of our hearty assistance in every way.

We shall make a very choice display of several grades of work at the coming Exhibition (second floor Main Building), where an attendant will be pleased to point out the merits of our work.

We invite inspection.

**THE HIGH GRADE ART CO.**  
67 Confederation Life Building, Toronto

Little Pitchers.  
Pick-Me-Up.



"Daddy, can whisky talk?"  
"No, of course not."  
"Then why did Aunt Maria say it was telling on you more and more?"

this city amongst china artists, the name of Miss L. Couen ranks with the first. A very good example of her delicacy of touch and beauty of coloring is to be seen on some of the plates decorated by her for the State Set, her shells being particularly dainty and pleasing, as are also the plates of Miss H. M. Procter. Both these young ladies have other examples of their work on view at the Pantechnonthea—one a beautiful bowl, painted in flowers, the work of a pupil of Miss Couen; the other a handsome vase, beautifully finished with Dresden figures, the joint work of Miss Procter and a Barrie lady.

It will, it is believed, be of interest to many ladies of Toronto to know that it is expected Mr. Franz A. Bischoff, china artist, is to spend some little time in Toronto in the spring. Many will be glad to renew their acquaintance with Mr. Bischoff and to benefit by his instruction. He expects to attend the Fair of the Western Decorating Works in Chicago this fall. Mr. F. B. Aulich, who it was hoped would be prevailed upon to visit Toronto in the same interest this fall, is compelled to postpone his visit until probably next year. He is teaching at present in Chicago. Later on he proposes spending a few weeks in Pittsburgh.

The Art Students' League continue faithfully their sketching excursions every Saturday. Last week they visited Lambton.

Mr. Forshaw Day, R.C.A., recently in connection with the Military School in Kingston, has removed to Halifax.

Miss S. Holden of Montreal, a very talented painter and member of the Royal Canadian Academy of Artists, is at present visiting at the home of her cousin, Mr. W. Gregg, Deer Park.

Mr. Henry Martin, associate of the R.C.A., has been spending some time in the neighborhood of St. Catharines.

Mr. Homer Watson, R. C. A., is at present in England. His many friends will be glad to know that two of his paintings have been on exhibition at the new art gallery there.

Mr. Robert Harris, president of the Royal Canadian Academy, is at present in Charlotte-town, painting a memorial portrait of his mother; also a church group.

Miss H. Hancock, teacher of art in the Bishop Strachan Ladies' College, whose summer has been devoted entirely to sketching from nature, spends this week at Fonthill in the neighborhood of St. Catharines.

A very beautiful painting, which it was hoped would appear at the Exhibition, the work of E. S. Calvert of Glasgow, has been on view at Roberts' Art Gallery. It is an Apple Orchard in Barbizon, France. Delicate coloring and simplicity of composition are among its good features.

It is well to be a foreign artist in New York. They seem to skim the cream of art work and leave the remainder to the native-born Yankee. Here is a list of quite reliable prices which must make Toronto artists long for a foreign education and a studio in New York. These are the prices of M. Carolus Duran and Mr. Sargent, who, though a United Stateser, reaps the harvest of two fields: Life-size portrait bust, \$4,000; three-quarter length, \$6,000; full length, \$8,000. For a child's portrait, life-size bust, \$3,000; three-quarter length, \$4,000; full length, \$5,000. Mother and child, three-quarter length, \$10,000; full length, \$14,000. M. Chattran's prices are a very little less. Madrazo, the Spaniard by birth but Parisian artist, who also visits New York, charges \$2,000 for a life-size bust, \$4,000 for a three-quarter length, and \$6,000 for a full-length portrait.

An interesting daguerreotype of Louis Philippe has been presented to the Musée Carnavalet. It was taken by Daguerre himself, about 1840, and represents the Citizen King seated, his hands resting on the arms of a chair. He has the short side whiskers and the "toupet" with which he is generally represented. The portrait, we understand, will not be published.

A good art-critic story of the late Sir John Millais was told recently by his son, Mr. J. G. Millais. Almost the last work that Sir Edwin Landseer was engaged on was a life-size picture of Nell Gwynne passing through an archway on a white palfrey. This picture, in which the horse alone was finished, was bought by one of the Rothschild family and given to Sir John Millais to complete. One morning a celebrated art critic called, and was much impressed with his work. "Ah, to be sure," he said, going up close and examining the deerhound, which almost breathed, in the foreground of the picture, "how easily one can recognize Landseer's dogs! Wonderful, isn't it?" "Yes, it is wonderful," remarked Sir John, lighting another pipe; "I finished paint-

ing that dog yesterday morning, and I have done the whole of it myself." JEAN GRANT.

## The Bravest Deed.

The Youth's Companion.

A GROUP of old soldiers, both Confederate and Federal, were recently swapping stories of the Civil War. At last they fell to comparing the greatest acts of bravery that each had known, and a Southerner told the following story:

"It was a hot July day in 1864, and General Grant was after us. Our men had hurriedly dug rifle-pits to protect themselves from the Federal sharpshooters, and dead and dying Federals were lying up to the very edge of those pits.

"In one of the pits was an ungainly, raw, red-headed boy. He was a retiring lad, green as grass, but a reliable fighter. We never paid much attention to him, one way or another.

"The wounded had been lying for hours unattended before the pits, and the sun was getting hotter and hotter. They were suffering horribly from pain and thirst. Not fifteen feet away, outside the rifle-pit, lay a mortally wounded officer who was our enemy.

"As the heat grew more intolerable, this officer's cries for water increased. He was evidently dying hard, and his appeals were of the most piteous nature. The red-headed boy found it hard to bear them. He had just joined the regiment and was not yet callous to suffering. At last, with tears flooding his grimy face, he cried out:

"I can't stand it no longer, boys! I'm going to take that poor fellow my canteen."

"For answer to this foolish speech one of us stuck a cap on a ramrod and hoisted it above the pit. Instantly it was pierced by a dozen bullets. To venture outside a step was the maddest suicide. And all the while we could hear the officer's moans:

"Water! water! Just one drop, for God's sake, somebody! Only one drop!"

"The tender-hearted boy could stand the appeal no longer. Once, twice, three times, in spite of our utmost remonstrance, he tried unsuccessfully to clear the pit. At last he gave a desperate leap over the embankment, and once on the other side, threw himself flat upon the ground and crawled toward his dying foe. He could not get close to him because of the terrible fire, but he broke a sumac bush, tied to the stick his precious canteen and landed it in the sufferer's trembling hands.

"You never heard such gratitude in your life. Perhaps there was never any like it before. The officer was for tying his gold watch on the stick and sending it back as a slight return for the disinterested act. But this the boy would not allow. He only smiled happily and returned as he had gone, crawling amid a hailstorm of bullets. When he reached the edge of the pit he called out to his comrades to clear the way for him, and with a mighty leap he was among us once more. He was not even scratched.

"He took our congratulations calmly. We said it was the bravest deed we had seen during the war. He did not answer. His eyes had a soft, musing look.

"How could you do it?" I asked in a whisper later, when the crack of the rifles ceased for a moment.

"It was something I thought of," he said, simply. "Something my mother used to say to me. 'I was thirsty, and ye gave me drink,'" she said. She read it to me out of the Bible, and she taught it to me until I never could forget it. When I heard that man crying for water I remembered it. The words stood still in my head. I couldn't get rid of 'em. So I thought they meant me—and I went. That's all."

"This was the reason why the boy was ready to sacrifice his life for an enemy. And it was reason enough," added the soldier, with a quivering voice.

## A Record Breaker.

Owen Sound Sun.

The largest vessel that was ever in the harbor of Owen Sound, carrying the heaviest cargo of grain ever brought here, arrived yesterday from Chicago. She is the City of Naples of Vermilion, Capt. George Bell; length, 320 feet; beam, 43 feet; depth of hold, 21 feet; capacity, 3,000 tons; cylinders, 20, 32 and 36 inches. She brought in 100,000 bushels of corn, weighing 2,800 tons, and was drawing 16 feet of water.

## An Editor in Luck.

Chicago Times-Herald.

The boom of prosperity has struck one Kansas editor, at least. He says: "Our road tax this year was one dollar, and as we couldn't pay it we have been sentenced to work on the road for fifteen days. There will be no issue of this paper for the next two weeks. But the county will have to board us, so we expect to come out about six dollars ahead."

If your digestive powers are deficient you need something now to create and maintain strength for the daily round of duties:

Take the pleasantest of Malt Beverages—

## John Labatt's Ale and Porter

They are Pure and Wholesome and will do you good. TRY THEM. For sale by all Wine and Liquor Merchants.

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Is a Cream of Tartar Powder—It is absolutely pure and gives the best results—in tins only.

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COLOURS EXQUISITE. BRILLIANT GLOSS.  
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ASPINALL'S own Homes. Aspinal's Enamel can be used successfully by an amateur, and should be used by every house. For Bedsteads, Chairs, Screens, Vases, Baths, Hot Water Cans, &c. It is invaluable and is useful for Repainting Cupboards, Doors, Wainscots, and all articles of Wood, Wickerwork, Metal, or Glass, &c. A few tins of Aspinal will completely transform a shabby room to brightness and comfort with very little trouble or expense.

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For the Health and Beauty of the SKIN.

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## SUBSTITUTION THE FRAUD OF THE DAY

See you get Carter's. Ask for Carter's. Insist and demand

## CARTER'S Little Liver Pills

The only perfect Liver Pill. Take no other, even if solicited to do so. Beware of imitations of same colored wrapper—RED.

BE SURE THEY ARE CARTER'S

### Nothing Ails the Air of Canterbury.

The doctor gave it as his opinion that the air of Canterbury was too relaxing for Mrs. Caroline Boys, an old resident of the place.

His judgment was based upon the fact that in July, 1891, she began to feel weak and ailing. Presently she looked as badly as she felt. Her skin and the whites of her eyes turned yellow, and she went feebly about her work, as one who works because she must, not because there is any comfort or pleasure in it. She says her mouth tasted badly, her appetite fell away, and the little she ate caused her "awful pain in the side and chest."

She had a constant noise or ringing in the head, and the nerves of her face twitched dreadfully. "After a time," she says, "my breathing got so bad that, on occasions, I had fairly to struggle and fight to catch my breath. At night I got little or no sleep, and during the day I felt so wretchedly nervous that I knew not what to do with myself. Then all the strength appeared to be going out of me; it was all I could do to walk even a short distance."

"If I raised my eyes to look upwards my head swam round, and I would reel as if about to fall. It was about a year I was in this condition, and the doctor said the air of Canterbury was too relaxing for me. But neither his medicines nor the medicines I had from the Dispensary did me any good. My first real encouragement I got from reading one of Mother Seigel's almanacs that somebody had left at the house. It described my symptoms exactly, and said my ailment was indigestion and dyspepsia. So, believing what I read, I went to the stores and bought the medicine—Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup. When I had taken half a bottle I felt great relief. My breathing was better, and soon, by continuing to take the Syrup, I was rid of all the pain and noise in the head. I found I could eat too; my appetite returned and strength with it. Now if I ever feel that I need medicine I take the Syrup, and it puts me right directly." (Signed) Caroline Boys, 148 Northgate Street, Canterbury, January 14th, 1894.

The outcome of this case proves that it was not the relaxing air of Canterbury, but a temporary collapse of her digestion that gave Mrs. Boys so unpleasant and menacing an experience. Many a person has tried the favorite prescription, "change of air," for that trouble, and always fruitlessly. What is needed is something that will drive the impurities and poisons—the "dirt," as a great doctor calls it—out of the blood, and thus set the stomach, liver, etc. at good, honest work again. When that is done, as Seigel's Syrup does it, the Canterbury air, or almost any other air, is plenty good enough. At all events this lady is content with the atmosphere Providence gives her to breathe, ever since she found out the real nature of her malady and the cure for it.

Another respected correspondent, Mrs. Dora Binne, provision dealer, of 51 Faraday street, Leyton, near London, writes under date of January 9, 1894: "For fifteen years I suffered from indigestion and dyspepsia. I was subject to spasms which gave me intense pain. At such times I would be completely doubled up and remain helpless for half an hour or so. For weeks together I would suffer from diarrhoea. The doctor's medicine lost all power even to relieve me even for a time. Last July I got a bottle of Mother Seigel's Syrup from Dr. Doe,

chemist, High street, Leyton, and in a few days it relieved me. Continuing to take the Syrup I am now perfectly well." (Signed) Dora Binne.

Now, let the reader please note these facts: First, that people who are ill are in no proper state of mind to judge intelligently of what ails them; second, that in the vast majority of instances—no matter how perplexing the symptoms—the actual disease is indigestion and dyspepsia; third, that they often suffer much and long before lighting upon the true remedy; fourth, that when they do find it (as seen in these and other cases) its name is almost certain to be Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup.

### A New Departure by the Wabash.

The Wabash railroad now runs its own solid trains from Buffalo to Chicago, St. Louis and Kansas City, passing through Niagara Falls, St. Catharines, Hamilton, Woodstock, London and Chatham. These trains are the finest ever seen in Canada, being vestibuled from end to end. Wabash trains reach more large cities than any other railroad in the world. Time tables and detailed information of this wonderful railroad from any railroad agent, or J. A. Richardson, Canadian passenger agent, northeast corner King and Yonge streets, Toronto.

### Toronto to New York—Through Sleeping Cars by the New York Central.

Leave Toronto daily at 4.30 p.m. by the Canadian Pacific, arrive Grand Central Station, only station in New York, at 7.30 next morning. Leave New York daily at 7.30 p.m., reach Toronto at 10.45 a.m. next day. The finest through train service in America is to be found where you would naturally look for it—on "America's Greatest Railroad." Write H. Parry, general agent, 308 Main street, Buffalo, for any information.

### Gentle Hint.

Dansense—Baron, if I were to receive a bracelet anonymously to-morrow morning, I should be sure that it came from you.—Flic-gende Blatter.

## BEAUTY

Ladies all over the world express daily their gratification at the grand results obtained by the use of Dr. CAMPBELL'S SAFE ARSENIC COMPLEXION WAFERS & FOULDS' ARSENIC SOAP, the only real true beautifiers in the world. Guaranteed perfectly harmless. They remove permanently all facial disfigurements, such as Pimples, Freckles, Moth, Blackheads, Redness, Oilyness, Sunburn, Tan, and Eczema.

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THE FORESTERS' TEMPLE  
Which was formally opened Thursday evening, September 26.

### Social and Personal.

Mrs. Cartwright and her little ones have returned from Kingston, where they have been spending some time.

Mrs. W. S. Lee and Miss Mabel E. Lee have returned from England after a delightful summer. The beauties of Ireland were their *bonne bouche* and they enjoyed them immensely. Miss Lee tells of her pleasure in two days at Henley when she was punting or paddling in a "Canada," as canoes are called there, when her Toronto and Lakeside training showed her an expert.

Miss Scott and Miss Buck have returned home. By the way, the rumor that Alderman Scott intends selling out and leaving for England, which has been passed about recently, is without foundation.

Mrs. and Miss Lily Smart have returned from the continent, and Mrs. Smart is happily very much better, and though at one time everyone was more than anxious about her, that is quite a thing of the past.

"Old Trinity" in gala array, doors and windows open wide, many brilliant gowns flashing in and out of its gray portals like parti-colored butterflies, *several* mooning behind their spectacles in benevolent content, big Toronto men in every corner at once looking after their guests, laughter and good stories (ah! those Irish members, what stories they can tell!) all the gradually-growing good-fellowship and good cheer which the past ten days had fostered seemed to culminate on Tuesday and Wednesday. Tuesday afternoon at Old Trinity was delightful, the more so as it was one of the last of the functions in honor of a banner week of pleasure and profit to us all. The Provost and Mrs. Welch, who are lately back from a delightful holiday in England, received the guests, and such of the professors as were at home were able hosts and enjoyed being so.

Teas galore added the minds and hurried the movements of many smart people on Monday. Miss Dupont gave one, which was, as are all her entertainments, a distinct success; President and Mrs. Loudon gave a reception in honor of the British Scientists, and Professor and Mrs. Mavor, with Prince Krapotkin as "lion" of the hour, gave a reception in that beautiful old house in the Queen's Park, which is so artistic and interesting. The Prince is a nice "lion," and as attractive as the exile always is to the gentle sex, who, like Desdemona, love him for the perils he has passed.

Mr. and Mrs. Foster and their pretty daughters, who have made such a charming family group during the festivities lately concluded, have gone west to Vancouver, and will return and sail from New York on September 17.

Mrs. Alfred Denison and her little nephew went to Montreal on Tuesday for a few days' holiday.

On the Shakespeare Calendar, which many of us are possessed of, the appropriate quotation for Sunday last was, "Ignorance is the curse of God. Knowledge is the wing wherewith we fly to Heaven."

Lord and Lady Aberdeen attended St. James cathedral last Sunday morning, and Bishop Sullivan preached what I heard described as a scientific sermon. As his lordship dealt with the creation the date was a safe one, and many persons remarked on the clever and evidently well-read discourse he gave.

The tenth annual regatta of the Island Amateur Aquatic Association took place on Saturday afternoon, being favored by a beautiful day, and the course being the best ever provided for these sports. The officers of the Association are: Mr. Jack Massey, president; Mr. A. L. Eastmure, vice-president; Mr. R. L. Cowan, 2nd vice-president; Mr. L. Goldman, hon. treasurer; Mr. Charlie Counsell, captain. The sports committee were: Messrs. R. E. Gagan, C. T. Clarkson, H. M. Lount, D. H. MacDougall, H. G. Wade and G. H. Muntz. Mr. J. M. Wilson, the indefatigable secretary, is a host in himself. The various events were very good, the gunwale races and the tilting being very funny, and the tub race for small boys being uproariously cheered; the brown-paper tub manoeuvred by a small son of Mr. Jim Smith of Rosedale, won very handsily. The canoe races in which ladies take part are always

interesting, and also the ladies' and gentlemen's tandem. The canoe race was won by Miss M. Smith and Miss Grace Massey. The barge was filled with a crowd of fathers, mothers, sweethearts, sisters and friends, who cheered and encouraged the contestants, all of whom did very well. All along the boom were moored boats, canoes, the great war canoe, the various *debris* of an Island merrymaking on the water, and merry parties occupied each and all. The grand stand was well filled and the course lined with spectators, among whom was more than one British Scientist taking in the fun and enjoying it immensely. This week's dance is to be a record breaker, and I suppose the prizes will be distributed on that occasion.

The Monday evening dance at the Yacht Club was by far the brightest and best of the season. It was cool, almost too cool on breezy corners for the chaperones, who are so good and patient under their many responsibilities, but all the more pleasant on that account for the said responsibilities, who frisked about the dancing parlors in great glee. Never have I seen a brighter and prettier lot of girls at these dances than were present on Monday. Now that the season wanes, their feet seem lighter and so do their hearts. Some are back from Muskoka, sunburned and hilarious; some from the shady precincts of old Niagara, others have spent the summer yachting and enjoying various simple Island pleasures. On Monday one of the sweetest of them all was Miss Lily Smart, newly arrived a fortnight ago from Europe and looking very pretty and stylish in a cream grass linen frock touched with scarlet. Miss Warner, a very popular visitor in town; Miss Macdonald, Mrs. Kappelle's guest; bright Miss Scanlon, who has been having a great time at Sandfield; a dear little lady from England, Miss Knight, who, with her father, is out for the British Association meeting; Miss Gyp Armstrong, in a red hat and red chiffon waist; Miss Aileen Gooderham in a trim suit of pale blue; the Misses Thompson from Hazelton, with their guests, the Misses Milligan of Bromley House; Mr. and Mrs. Mitchell, Miss Inez Mitchell, little Miss Lily Lee in Island garb, Mrs. and Miss Melvin-Jones in corn color and black and ecru canvas with delicate brocade, respectively; Mr. and Mrs. Bert Lee, Mr. and Mrs. George Kappelle, Mrs. Alfred T. Smith of Fort Niagara, Mr. and Miss O'Reilly, Mr. Harry Hay, Mr. Churchill Cockburn, Mrs. Wilmet, Mr. Frank McLean, Mr. H. D. P. Armstrong, Mr. C. A. B. Brown, Mr. Jack Reid, Miss Reid of Rosedale, who looked charming; Mrs. J. Enoch Thompson, Mr. Archibald, who was receiving congratulations on his victory with the Mab; Mrs. Rogers, Mr. and Mrs. Delasco, Mr. and Mrs. Rutter and their party, Mr. Lorne Cosby, Mr. Pringle, Mr. Howard Irish, Mrs. Joe Beatty and Miss Clark.

Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Webb and daughter Rosaline, of Inglewood, have returned to town.

Dr. C. F. Piper of London, Ontario, formerly of Toronto, is spending part of his vacation at the family cottage on Stony Lake.

Mr. and Mrs. Hiram Piper of Bernard avenue are at Jackson's Point.

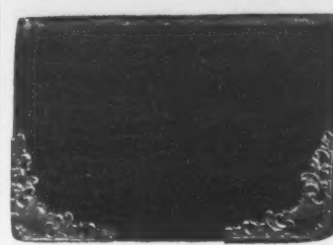
Miss Norma Reynolds has returned from her vacation in New York and will resume teaching on September 1.

For the two weeks of the Industrial Fair Hanlon's Superba will run at the Princess Theater. It is a great favorite and will delight out of town visitors.

Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Smallpeice and Miss Lillian Smallpeice have returned to town from Woodington, Muskoka.

Miss Florence Macpherson, the popular contralto soloist of Elm street church choir, returned to town on Saturday last, after spending a most enjoyable vacation at Kettle Point, Lake Huron.

A very pretty wedding took place in Brockville on Tuesday, August 24, when Mr. Gordon Watson of the Bank of Montreal, Brockville, was married to Miss Mona Louisa Lewis, third daughter of the late Lieut.-Col. J. W. Lewis. The ceremony was performed by Rev. J. L. Sycamore at The Pines, the residence of the bride's mother, the reception rooms being beautifully decorated with golden rod and ferns. The bride, who was given away by her brother-in-law, Rev. J. G. Newsom, wore a



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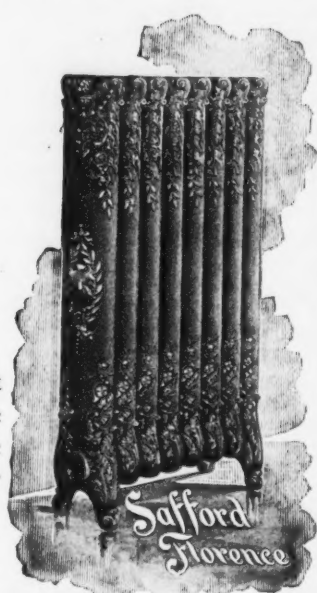
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lovely gown of white corded silk trimmed with chiffon, a veil of Limerick lace, worn by her mother on the occasion of her marriage, and the regulation orange blossoms. She also carried a bouquet of white roses, the gift of the groom. Her sister, Miss Lily Lewis, acted as bridesmaid, and little Misses Emily and Georgie Watson, daughters of the groom, one in white with pink ribbons and the other wearing white with blue ribbons, followed after her. Miss Lewis looked very charming in white organdie muslin with pink ribbons and a white leghorn hat trimmed with pink roses, and carried a bouquet of sweet peas. Mr. J. W. Lewis of the Bank of Montreal, Ottawa, acted as best man. After the ceremony a reception was held and Mr. and Mrs. Watson received the good wishes and congratulations of their friends. The veranda had been decorated for the occasion with flags, Chinese lanterns and flowers, and the wedding breakfast was served at small tables. Mr. and Mrs. Watson left on the afternoon train for a three weeks' trip to Montreal, Quebec and the Saguenay.

On Thursday, August 19, at St. George's church, Goderich, Miss Mary Attrill, second daughter of Mrs. H. F. Attrill of Ridgewood Park, was married by the rector, Rev. Mark Turnbull, to Mr. Gilbert S. Wright of Los Angeles, Cal. The bride, who was given away by her uncle, Mr. Thomas P. Attrill of Peterboro', wore a white brocaded satin dress en train, trimmed with point lace and pearls, and the usual *tulle* veil and orange blossoms. Her ornaments were pearls and diamonds, the gift of the groom. Her bridesmaids were her niece, little Helen Heaton, and Gladys Elliot, who were dressed in white china silk, and white chiffon hats, and carried baskets of sweet-peas. Mr. Edward C. Attrill, brother of the bride, was groomsmen. After the wedding a brilliant gathering assembled for the wedding breakfast at the family residence. The billiard room was filled with pretty presents from the many friends of the bride, and report says more await them upon their arrival in Los Angeles. Everything combined to make the happy occasion a great success. The day was perfect, and owing to recent rains the extensive grounds of Ridgewood Park, which for natural beauty are unsurpassed in the whole of Canada, were looking their loveliest. Mr. and Mrs. Wright left by

an afternoon train on their wedding trip, from which they return to spend a few days at Goderich before leaving for Los Angeles.

It will be unwelcome news to their friends and acquaintances to hear of the probable removal of Mr. and Mrs. Barker, and their bright young people, from Toronto to London, where Mr. Barker has been appointed postoffice inspector. The girls and boys who are so fond of Miss Marion (and who is not?) will feel greatly the vacancy in many merry circles which her departure will inevitably leave. Perhaps, however, rumor has, as so often occurs, made us regret what isn't to happen after all.

### Men After More Color.

The incoming season will be notable for color harmonies. Not only do the suitings which are destined to adorn masculine humanity in this country notably excel those of any other season in their harmonious color schemes, but for any one of them specially intended for any one kind of garment there are hundreds of others specially intended for some other garment that harmonizes with it in coloring, besides being notable for their beautiful blending of color. The suitings now waiting to be made into gentlemen's garments will be specially interesting for the innumerable designs in stripes, checks and plaids, so ingeniously wrought by harmonizing and blending colors that, though many of them are remarkably broad and daring in outline, they are all quiet and refined in appearance. Henry A. Taylor Draper, the Rossin Block, is showing an immense range of these fine woollens for fall and winter wear.

### A Delightfully Cool Hotel.

Visitors to the city during the heated term will find in the new Grand Union, corner Simcoe and Front, nearly opposite the Union Station entrance (the most modern hotel in the city—baths, electric light, gas, elevator, etc.), a perfect summer home, under the personal management of the proprietor.

### A Perfect Turkish Bath House.

Cook's Turkish Baths, King street west, are again open to the public, very much improved in appearance and convenience. They are now as perfect as modern science can make them.

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Tuesday, August 31st, at 11 a.m.

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WM. DICKSON, Auctioneer.

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## LABOR DAY

Will sell Return Tickets for Single First Class Fare, good to go on Sept. 4th, 5th and 6th; good returning until Sept. 7th; between all stations in Canada, Windsor, Sault Ste. Marie, Fort William and East.

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The Canadian North-West

Good to go on August 31, return until October 30; good to go Sept. 14, return until Nov. 13; from all stations in Ontario, Onaping, Sault Ste. Marie, Windsor and East.  
For rates, maps, time tables, pamphlets and full information, apply to any Canadian Pacific Railway Agent, or write  
C. E. McPHERSON, 1 King St. East, Toronto.

The Cradle, the Altar and the Tomb.

### Births.

PATTERSON—Aug. —, Mrs. Samuel D. Patterson—a daughter.  
WOODLAND—Aug. 24, Mrs. C. W. I. Woodland—a daughter.  
LUKE—Aug. 17, Mrs. W. A. Luke—a daughter.  
DANIEL—Aug. 22, Mrs. J. W. Daniel—a son.  
SUTHERLAND—Stony Mountain, Man., Aug. 16, Mrs. Sutherland—a son.

### Marriages.

MILLER—MORRISON—On August 11, at Rossland, B.C., Ernest Miller to Minnie Bell, youngest daughter of Mr. L. N. Morrison of Toronto.  
DEACON—HARRIS—Aug. 25, Arthur R. Deacon to Edith M. Harris.  
ROSS—DEAMISH—Aug. 18, Joseph Ross to Lizzie Beamish.  
BELL—HALL—Aug. 25, Wm. George Bell to Marcella Hall.  
CAMPBELL—PEARCE—Aug. 25, W. A. F. Campbell to Emma Pearce.  
WRIGHT—ATTHILL—Aug. 19, Gilbert S. Wright to Mary Attrill.  
STEWART—BROWN—ALSON—Aug. 11, Hamilton, Stewart-Brown to Cesarine Alson.  
MCLEARY—MITCHELL—Aug. 18, Ernest W. McLeary to Sara G. Mitchell.  
KEAY—FRASER—Aug. 18, Capt. Richard H. Keay to Ada M. Fraser.  
WHITE—KENNELLY—Aug. 18, Hugh White to Marguerite Irene Kennelly.  
ELLIOTT—GARDNER—Aug. 24, Dr. Geo. Elliott to Sophie Gardner.

### Deaths.

MCCAUSLAND—Aug. 18, Robt. McCausland, aged 78.  
BOLAND—Aug. 15, Catherine Boland.  
MALCOLMSON—Aug. 19, Samuel Sutherland Malcolmson, aged 62.  
MACKAY—Escarote, Scotland, July 31, Mrs. Ann Easton Mackay.  
GRAHAM—Spertell, N.Y., Aug. 45, Dugald Graham.  
TILT—Aug. 17, Wilbert Joseph Tilt, aged 20.  
YOUNG—Aug. 20, Annie Christina Young.  
HOWLAND—Aug. 19, Henry Bedford Howland, aged 21 months.  
RUXTON—Aberroath, Scotland, July 25, Isabella Gerard Ruxton.  
STIRLAND—Aug. 22, Wm. K. Stirland, aged 41.  
REID—Aug. 21, Lizzie Reid.  
WORTHY—Aug. —, Ann Worthy, aged 80.  
TRILLER—Aug. 23, John Edward Triller.  
ALLEY—Aug. 23, Rachel Alley, aged 38.  
WOOLLEY—Aug. 24, Thomas Woolley.  
CHARLTON—Aug. 21, Robert J. Charlton, aged 40.  
MARTY—Mitchell, Aug. 16, Fred. Marty, aged 68.  
MILLIGAN—Aug. —, Margaret Milligan, aged 68.  
PARKINSON—Aug. 21, Mary Parkinson, aged 87.  
SLATER—Aug. —, Fred. W. Slater, aged 24.  
VANCE—Aug. 21, Annie Vance.  
WHITTON—Aug. 21, John Whitton, aged 30.  
MCFARLAND—Aug. 22, John McFarland, aged 49.  
DOTY—Oakville, Aug. 24, John A. Doty, aged 31.  
RICHARDSON—Thornhill, Mrs. Elizabeth Richardson, aged 88.  
HIRSH—Aug. 25, Sarah G. Hirst, aged 69.  
BLEAKEN—Aug. 24, Emma P. Bleaken, aged 53.

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